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EMBELLISHMENT—*Portraiture of Felt.*

FELT.

THE present number is embellished with the portrait of another of the very fine horses imported by Doctor Merritt, of Virginia, engraved by Bannerman from a painting by Troye, and considered by those who have seen the horse an excellent likeness. For a full and authentic memoir of Felt, the reader is referred to page 298, vol. 7, of the Turf Register.

We may mention appropriately in this place, that we are daily in expectation of receiving the portraits of John Bascomb, Bill Austin, and other fine blooded stock belonging to Col. Crowell, of Alabama, when we shall lose no time in embellishing our work with them.

PRIAM.

Large offers have been made for this distinguished English racer—I do not say stallion, as in this last character he is almost untried; and, indeed, so far as his stock has appeared, they have not answered expectation. The value of all horses brought to this country, like the claims of public men, are fair subjects for scrutiny and comment, and the pages of the Register can in no way better serve the interest of its subscribers, than when they are devoted to such subjects.

The writer has regretted the high prices offered for this horse, because it is more than any horse is worth for importation, and in the case of Priam, if brought in, he will be dear at any price.

One gentleman sent over an order, some time since, that if he could at any time be had at \$25,000, to buy him immediately; another company has directed him to be sent out at any sum below \$50,000; as yet the answer has been, 'no sum will buy him.'

This only means, that as Priam is of the most fashionable blood, and left the turf with a most splendid reputation, there is no chance to purchase him until he shall fail as a stallion; this once settled, he may be had at perhaps one-tenth the sum, and I most sincerely advise those gentlemen who have sent orders for his purchase, to revoke them.

It is my opinion there are not only many horses now in England I should greatly prefer to him, but we have several in America equal or superior to him.

My objections to Priam are mainly to his want of substance, (at least such he seems from the prints I have seen,) and the manner in which he won all his races: like our Timoleon and Florizel, too fast for all his competitors, but, like them, his stock will not sustain his reputation.

In all Priam's races he won by speed: in each of them, Chifney, who usually rode him, saved his horse for the run home, and gammoned his competitors just at the winning post; and the English writers, in describing horses now on the turf, often use the expression of 'that fine style and Priam-like action.' From all these circumstances I have been induced to consider him a rather slight horse, with great speed, beautiful easy action, which, with high condition to sustain them, is usually successful on the turf, but ever a disappointment in the stud.

I hold Leviathan, Margrave, and Rowton, and others of our late importations, as every way preferable to Priam as stallions, with blood equally pure, they have more stamina, and I will stake my reputation of 'second sight,' that let him be imported when he may, they will always keep him down.

It is not altogether impossible he may come in yet this fall, as his colts have done him no credit this spring; but if he is a failure, why bring him here to ruin our stock?
A.

BREEDING, &c.

An article in the English New Sporting Magazine has some excellent hints on the subject of stud farms, breeding, &c. from which we make a few extracts for the edification of our readers. One of these extracts repeats the query, whether the English will not ere long be obliged to go abroad for some of the stout running sort of horses, in consequence of the great number of this description of stock sold to foreigners, particularly to Americans.

‘Although great attention was paid to the breeding of the racehorse, particularly in the selection of the blood, and also, though in a less degree, in bringing up young stock, in the days of O’Kelly, Lords Grosvenor and Clermont, Sir C. Bunbury, &c. yet as the progress of time, in a country like this, must extend our stock of knowledge, and from the immense increase in the value of the stakes to be contended for, and the great demand for blood horses both at home and abroad, it must be allowed that of late years rapid strides have been made to the perfection of the art. In fact, there is little left to desire but a greater attention to stout blood, and the soundness of the mares intended to breed from, and the total extermination of two year old racing. It seems indeed a nice question whether the discontinuance of three and even four mile racing counterbalances the evils of two year old training. The great advantages which have attended the system, strongly sanctioned by the example of some of our most successful and experienced supporters of the turf, of not bringing out their two year olds, has been so frequently and forcibly exemplified, that if it were not for the sake of the valuable prizes which they contend for, it would appear extraordinary that it is not more generally adopted. The circumstance of the last three races for the Derby having been won by horses which were not brought out until they were three years old, affords strong proof of the advantage of the practice. Another great advantage which attends the present mode of management of the young stock, is in the excellent keep of yearlings, foals, &c. and particularly as regards the adoption of the plan recommended in Nimrod’s admirable ‘Letters on Condition.’ * * * *

After all, however, the breeding of racehorses, in the proper sense of the word, from the prices that are to be obtained for them at all ages, and the prizes that are established at the different meetings, will always be a grand inducement in these times, nearly as much to the specula-

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tor as to the sportsman. It has been observed, in the pages of this Magazine, that from the immense exportation of valuable blood horses by foreigners, and particularly by the Americans, we shall have to go, in the course of a few years, to the Continent for stout blood; and when we look to your list of 'Horses sent abroad by Messrs. Tattersall' alone in 1835, and find the names of such horses as Emancipation, Rowton, Consul, Lapdog, Margrave, Dangerous, &c. in that list, it gives us strong reason to fear that your prediction may one day prove too true. When, however, we turn back to the pages of the same Magazine, (Feb. 1836,) and find that we have still left such stallions as Sultan, Emilius, Camel, and Velocipede, it does leave us some grounds to hope that the stock of racehorses may still be preserved in this country. The well known adage that 'like begets like,' was never more strongly exemplified than in the breeding of racers, the produce of a racehorse inheriting the virtues and bad qualities of his sire, in a most remarkable degree. If we look through the Racing Calendar, from the commencement to the present time, we shall hardly find an example of a horse who had not in some degree distinguished himself on the turf getting racehorses. * * * *

It is astonishing the difference in gameness, to use a significant term, which even a common hack pony, got by some good old horse, will exhibit over another whose sire came under the denomination of 'Crabs.' Many examples of this kind will doubtless present themselves to your readers.

* * * * It is really astonishing what blood will do! How many shabby-looking mares, with hardly one good point about about them except their pedigree, have bred racehorses,—as well in shape and appearance, as in speed and performance, pre-eminently distinguished on the turf? Mr. Orde's Ardrossan mare, the dam of so many good runners, of which it may be sufficient to enumerate Emancipation, Tomboy, and Bee's-wing, is only a long hollow-backed plain looking mare. Matilda also, winner of the Leger, and dam of the Langar and Voltaire colts, who have so highly distinguished themselves in their engagements of the present year, is a very light weedy thing, and which no one would suppose likely to produce such a wonderfully powerful animal as the Voltaire colt, two years old.

A match has been made by Messrs. G. Mallory and J. P. Corbin, between Virginia Timberlake and Kitty Minge, two miles and repeat, for \$2,000 a side, half forfeit, over the Tree Hill course, to come off the first day of the next spring meeting.

SAM HOUSTON.—Walter W. W. Bowie, Esq. of Prince George's Co. Maryland, bespeaks the name of Sam Houston for a colt of his out of the dam of Charles Magic, by Autocrat.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

This meeting surpassed everybody's expectations in the excellence of the sport, the number and rank of its visitors, and the beauty of the weather. The nobility and gentry mustered in great force, both the hotels were so full as to refuse customers, all the principal lodgings were occupied, horses ran and sold well, and nothing but business was the order of the day. The remark as to the superiority of the racing applies not only to this meeting, but to the season generally, which opened under the best auspices, and has progressed with a spirit that promises well for the turf. It is true that betting is not quite so extensive as usual; this, however, I look upon as one of the signs of improvement; those who content themselves with running for amusement without laying it on too strong, will last the longest. I would press this truism on one or two gentlemen who have recently made their *début*.

According to the new arrangement, (an objectionable one in two or three respects,) the races commenced on Tuesday, the whole of the morning being occupied in the sale of Mr. Ridsdale's horses in training here; it excited a good deal of interest, the assignees having prevailed upon the creditors to pay up the forfeits, (about £300) so that purchasers might have their lots clear of past responsibilities. Venilia, kept fit for running for the July stakes, and thought highly of from her running with Grand Cairo in the spring, was put up first, and despite her Velocipede legs, knocked down to that gallant sportsman Lord Chesterfield, for 370 gs. after some very spirited biddings. She was immediately plated, backed freely, became a rattling favourite before starting, and, although defeated, may be said to have sustained her price. The noble earl also purchased Bamfylde for the same sum, and was thought to have obtained his lots so cheap as to be offered between three and four hundred pounds for his bargain. Chersidamas, a remarkably promising two years old colt, by Priam, was sold to Lord Suffield for 255 guineas, and the other lots as follows: c. by Tramp, out of Neva, three years, 100 gs.—c. by Tramp, out of Lunacy, three years, 200 gs.—f. by Tramp, out of Amaryllis, two years, 70 gs.—Marchesina, two years, 31 gs.—c. by Tramp, out of Lunacy, two years, 135 gs.—c. by Tramp, out of Miss Armstrong, two years, 62 gs.—Galliard, 200 gs.—Florestine, with foal, 150 gs.—and Miss Armstrong, with foal, 135 gs.

The remainder of the stud, fifty-two lots, inclusive of twenty-nine brood mares, will be sold at York.

The notice of the weather and company at the commencement will

suffice for the three days, and enable me to describe the racing without interruption.

Tuesday.—A sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three year olds, New T. Y. C. brought out the Leger nag, Redshank, in opposition to a small field of bad horses, viz : Lord Berner's colt, out of Camarine's dam, Col. Peel's Arsenic, Mr. Sowerby's St. Luke, and Lord Exeter's Lady Anne. By dint of whipcord and steel, John Day managed to keep the Camarine colt in front for three-fourths of the distance, when Redshank shot by him and won by a length without being called upon. 2 to 1 on the winner, and 5 to 1 agst. Camarine's dam; Boyce rode the winner. A match for 100 sovs. h. ft., T. Y. C. was well contested between Lord Lichfield's Toss-up, (Delphine colt) 8st. 7lb. and Lord Exeter's Jemmy, 8st., and won by the former by half a length. 5 to 4 on Toss-up, who was jockeyed by John Day.

The July stakes brought out one of the smallest fields ever seen for this popular race, and I am inclined to suspect that they are not exactly the sort to find much favour for Derby or Oaks. The start was confined to the following seven, and without the customary annoyance of false starts, produced one of the closest races ever seen: Lord Exeter's Brother to Beiram, Col. Peel's g. f. by Sultan, out of Fille de Joie, Lord Chesterfield's Venilia, Lord Orford's f. by Mulatto, out of Ascot's dam, (Angelica,) Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Figaro, Mr. Pettit's b. c. by Tranby, dam by Abjer, and Sir S. Graham's f. by Shakspeare, out of Twatty. The last odds were 11 to 8 agst. Fille de Joie, 3 to 1 agst. Venilia, 5 to 1 agst. Brother to Beiram, and 6 and 7 to 1 agst. the Mulatto filly. Brother to Beiram, whose *forte*, I should say, is speed, not stoutness, made the running, the others lying well up with him till near the cords, where he was joined by Venilia, Mulatto filly, and Fille de Joie filly, Venilia on the outside, and the first to show distress; these four ran home nearly in a line, Brother to Beiram having a slight lead till right upon the chair, where he stopt, and enabled the Fille de Joie and Mulatto fillies to catch him, and make a dead heat of three! (a similar circumstance occurred in the First Spring meeting, 1829, between Miss Craven, Oppidan, and Corsair, and in the Houghton meeting, 1815, between Quinola, Asmodeus, and Osman, the deciding heats being won by Miss Craven and Quinola;) Venilia ran them in to a neck, and the other three particularly distinguished themselves at the wrong end. Robinson rode Venilia, and says he should have won if his mare had not been run against; and lookers on assert, that when Brother to Beiram stopt he nearly knocked the Mulatto filly out of her stride or *she* would have won; others declared The Colonel's filly had *just* won, and both Lords Exeter and Orford were so impressed with the

idea, that the dead heat was between their nags, that they rode up to the judge to announce their intention to divide the stakes. 'First catch your hare,' says Mrs. Glass. The dead heat did not disturb the confidence of the Fille de Joie party, although a moment's reflection must have convinced them, as it did me, that of the two the Mulatto blood was the most likely to run on; but in racing, as in all other matters, fashion governs all things; and had Lord Orford's filly been in Cooper's stable, and *vice versa*, the odds would have been 5 to 4 instead of 7 to 2 agst. her. Before running off the dead heat the betting was 5 to 4 agst. Fille de Joie, 5 to 2 agst. Brother to Beiram, (t.) and 7 to 2 agst. Mulatto filly, laid freely. Lord Exeter's colt again made all the play, Nat keeping Lord Orford's mare in reserve till near the cords, where she ran by him and won cleverly by a length; Fille de Joie was beaten half a length from Brother to Beiram. The winner is in the Oaks.

In the evening there was a little business done on the Goodwood cup, at 9 to 2 agst. Hornsea, and 5 to 1 agst. Bran, (taken eagerly,) and on the stakes, at 4 to 1 agst. Rockingham, 10 to 1 agst. Pussy, and 10 to 1 agst. Oak-Apple. Redshank and Vulture quoted at 8 to 1 each for the St. Leger, and Trapball reported amiss.

Wednesday.—A kind of fast-day, except for Mr. Newcombe's hawks, which were allowed to have a 'shy' at the crows to make up the afternoon's amusements. The only legitimate race was for the D. I. plate, which was won by Mr. J. Peel's Uncle Toby, (Nat) beating Lord Exeter's Lucks-all, Sir M. Wood's Amesbury, and Colonel Peel's Castaway, after a slow run race. Even on Luck's-all, 7 to 4 agst. Amesbury, and 4 to 1 agst. my Uncle. The want of sport this afternoon is very properly attributed by Bell's Life to the present system of naming—the remedy suggested is simple, and will probably be adopted.

The betting market was rather lively in the evening on the Liverpool cup, General Chassé having several friends at 6 to 4, and Verbina at 10 to 1, Mündig at 6 to 1, and not in force. Rush and Jacob Faithful backed for the Goodwood stakes at 10 to 1, 13 to 1, each offered agst. Oak-Apple and Felix, and 20 to 1 agst. Lucifer; Trapball not so bad as suspected, and no offer agst. him higher than 10 to 1, Redshank at 8 to 1, Vulture at 10 to 1, Beeswing at 12 to 1, and Rachel at 13 to 1. Gladiator and Wedge as before. Brother to Bay Middleton backed for the Derby at 10 to 1.

Thursday.—The racing to-day was plentiful, and good enough to make up for the deficiency yesterday. The first event was the Town Plate, last mile and a distance of B. C., for which Redshank, Taish-teer, and Mr. Bond's c. by Tramp, out of Neva, started; the odds

being 6 to 1 on the Leger nag; he humoured his companions by walking with them for about twenty yards, started off at, for him, a mere canter, got rid of them long before they reached the dukes' stand, and won by four lengths. He is a very fine goer, and is sure to run forward at Doncaster. Boyce rode him.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for two year olds, the winner to be sold for 50, &c.—T. Y. C. the following started: Mr. Thornhill's c. by Emilius, out of Surprise, Lord Chesterfield's c. by Shakspeare, out of Eva's dam, Lord Exeter's f. by Priam, out of Varna, Col. Peel's br. f. by Edmund, out of Medora, Mr. Irby's c. by Shakspeare, out of Clansman's dam, and Mr. T. Carter's c. Caricature, by Shakspeare. Even on the three Shakspeares against the field. A close and beautifully contested race between the four first named, and not half a length between them at the finish, Mr. Thornhill's (jockeyed by Conolly) winning by a head, and Lord Chesterfield's being second; the winner claimed.

The Chesterfield stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two year olds—last half of Ab. M.

Lord Exeter's Brother to Beiram, 4lb. extra.—Conolly,	1
General Yates' Grand Cairo, by Camel,	2
Sir M. Wood's ch. f. by Langar, out of Isabelle,	3

The following were not placed: Mr. Greville's Mariette, Lord Exeter's c. by Redgauntlet, out of Augusta's dam, Mr. Newton's c. by Cetus, out of Brillante, Col. Peel's gr. f. by Sultan, out of Fille de Joie, Gen. Grosvenor's Laodice, and Mr. Cooke's Winford. Grand Cairo was all the go, large sums being laid out upon him at evens and 11 to 10; Brother to Beiram and Laodice stood at 5 to 1 each, and were backed for a trifle, while the crack filly of Tuesday (Fille de Joie) was not even mentioned. Brother to Beiram again made the running, and was in full sail to the hill when Grand Cairo drew upon him, the 4lb. bringing them together at the betting stand; Brother to Beiram, however, answered the call, quitted his opponent after running a few yards, and won cleverly by a length; Sir M. Wood's filly made a rush at the end, and was placed third by about half a length from Grand Cairo; Laodice, Redgauntlet colt, also laid forward, but Winford and the Cetus colts were several lengths astern.

A handicap of 15 sovs. each between The Glama, 8st. 7lb. Bodice, (the Whalebone one,) 8st. 4lb. and Juliana, 8st. 4lb. was a very sporting affair, and won by the former by a head, with one of those desperate rushes in which Robinson, as well as Chiffney, is so successful. The betting was rather heavy at evens on The Glama, and 13 to 8 agst. Bodice. The running of this mare is surprising, when it is considered that only two months ago she astonished her trainer by dropping a colt foal by Patron.

The meeting terminated with a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two and three year olds, which was won easily by Jemmy, (Conolly) beating Mr. Hunter's gr. f. by Gustavus, out of Peggy, two years old; Mr. Newton's Cetus colt, Mr. Clover's b. f. by Emilianus, out of Chamois, two years old, and Mr. Walker's Vandenhoff, who was the first beaten; 6 to 4 agst. Vandenhoff, and 2 to 1 agst. Jemmy.

London New Sporting Magazine.]

W. G.

BAY MIDDLETON.

It has been shewn there is no better nor more fashionable bred horse, with so close a connection with Derby and Oaks winners, than Bay Middleton, the last winner of the Derby. His dam an Oaks winner; grandam renowned both for blood and achievements—lineally descended from others of 'the real Prunella sort'—his paternal line equally celebrated on the turf and in the stud.

1833. B. c. Bay Middleton, bred and owned by Lord Jersey, got by Sultan out of Cobweb, by Phantom—Filagree by Soothsayer—Web by Waxy—Penelope by Trumpator—Prunella by Highflyer, &c.

Sultan by Selim, out of Bacchante, by Williamson's Ditto, (winner of the Derby and own brother to Walton,) sister to Calomel, by Mercury—Herod—Marske—Regulus, &c. Selim—see below. Walton and Ditto, renowned sons of Sir Peter, dam by Dungannon, a renowned son of Eclipse, &c.

Mr. Crockford's Sultan, 1819, at three years old, won two races, 200 gs. each, at Newmarket, (where he won all his races,) and ran second in the Derby, beat, only by a head, by Tiresias, by Soothsayer. At four years old, he won four prizes, 1,000 gs. 200, and two of 50 gs.; at five years old, won five races, two gold cups, 300 gs., the Trial stakes, and 75 gs. as Lord Exeter's; at six years old, as Lord Foley's, won 200 gs. and 100 gs.; at seven years old, won the Whip, 500 gs. &c.; five prizes that year, and at eight, the Trial Stakes. 1824, covered at 20 gs. a higher price than any stallion excepting his sire Selim and Phantom.

Phantom, winner of the Derby, and Soothsayer, winner of the St. Leger the same year, were the two best colts of their year, and greatly renowned both on the turf and in the stud.

Selim, Castrel and Rubens were own brothers to Bronze, winner of the Oaks, by the famous Buzzard, (imported into the U. S.) out of the renowned brood mare by Alexander, &c.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales' Selim, 1806, at four years old, won the Oatlands at Newmarket and 50 gs. at Brighton; at five, he won

the Oatlands, Craven, and 50 gs. at do. &c. 1808, covered at 20 gs. was sire to Sultan, Langar, and many more of the best horses.

Castrel, renowned also on the turf and in the stud, was sire to the famed race nag Princess Royal, dam of Queen of Trumps, winner of the Oaks and Leger, and now the best race mare in England.

Rubens, also renowned on the turf and in the stud, winner of the Craven, &c. was sire to Hambden, that beat Centaur, R. C. in 7m. 5s. equal to four miles in 7m. 35s. and with the heavy English weight. The grandam of Centaur was 'the dam of Castrel, Selim, Rubens, &c. by Alexander, (son of Eclipse)—Highflyer—Alfred—Engineer—the dam of Bay Malton, &c.' In 1821-2-3 and 4, Centaur ran thirty-three times and won twenty-four—finished perfectly sound and without a blemish, by beating Sultan, over the Beacon course.

'The first of Sultan's get, Green Mantle and Varna, were first and second for the Oaks.' Both famed winners of the Drawing Room Stakes, Oatlands, &c. Augusta won the Newmarket St. Leger; Mahmoud a cup and a king's plate; Schumla, two or three plates and a cup; Beiram, the Drawing Room Stakes, and a good second to Priam, the same meeting; Galatea won the Oaks, Port Stakes, and Ascot Cup; Marmora second to Oxygen, by a head, for the Oaks; Glencoe, third in the Derby, and winner of the Goodwood and Ascot Cups, the Whip, &c.; Bay Middleton, winner of all his races, spring of 1836, 8,375 gs. in two months, clear of all deductions; Destiny, within half a length of winning the Oaks, &c.

In the Derby, a Sultan colt was winner, Partisan colts running second, third and fourth. In the Oaks, a Partisan won, and a Sultan was second.

Gladiator, second in the Derby, and a favourite for the St. Leger, was got by Partisan out of Pauline, by Moses—Selim—Whiskey or Sorcerer—Corlander—Highflyer—Matchem, &c.

AMERICAN BLOOD.

That in some cases, in which every impure or obnoxious cross has been cautiously avoided, our 'thoroughbreds' have as good blood as any in the world, there can be no doubt.

The revival of the turf, that dates from the matches with Eclipse, and the greater attention since given to breeding, especially the introduction of the best blood, and of many renowned race nags, of both sexes, renders it almost certain, that, in the course of a very few years, there will be more excellent race horses in this country than at any previous period. The spirit of racing and breeding was ne er so

much excited, nor as widely diffused, as at the present time. The American Stud Book, so long 'a desideratum,' will shortly enable every breeder to distinguish the good pedigree from the bad.

A late sporting paper points out the several leading favourites for the St. Leger, of the present month, that are connected in blood with some of our imported horses. For example: Wedge, by Picton, the half brother to Lezborough, (that is, in sporting parlance, out of the same dam,) out of Vat, by Langar, own sister to imp. Vamp. (Nearly a sister in blood may be bred in this country.) Elis is not enumerated in the catalogue referred to, but ought to have been, both from his blood and brilliant achievements—lately twice a distinguished winner at Goodwood, and second to Hornsea, the same week for the Cup, beating Rockingham, a Leger winner, and others of renown. On his winning the Drawing Room Stakes, it is remarked in Bell's Life in London, the performance was precisely what might have been expected from a horse, which, besides distinguishing himself in his two year old races, ran Bay Middleton to a head at Newmarket. Should he go to Doncaster, his public running will entitle him to the first place in the betting. Elis is by Langar, out of Olympia, by Sir Oliver,—nearly sister in blood to Olivetta, dam of imp. Autocrat, to which Elis is something like an half brother. (Langar is descended lineally on both sides from imp. Buzzard and imp. Diomed.) Vulture is also descended from Autocrat's maternal ancestry. Beeswing, another Leger favourite, is out of the dam of imp. Emancipation—his half sister.

Bay Richmond, the best three year old now in England, is nearly allied to Langar—he is descended one remove further, in the lineal paternal line, from imp. Buzzard, and maternally, has two near collateral crosses from imp. Diomed. Glencoe, now daily expected from England, is nearly brother in blood to Bay Richmond. Priam, that was decidedly the best race horse of his day, and superior to any for many years preceding, in his maternal line was lineally descended from imp. Diomed.

If our Sir Archy blood be fostered with due care, the time may not be distant, when it will be sought to cross with the Whalebone, Emilius, Velocipede and Sultan stock of England.

No one, who will examine the subject, can doubt the value and importance of blood. If a race horse of questionable blood occasionally runs with success, he is but an exception, of rare occurrence, to a general rule, and will, almost invariably, prove worthless in the stud.

EXAMINER.

ON SPEED.

MR. EDITOR :

York, Illinois, Sept. 18, 1836.

As I suppose every thing in relation to the speed of the horse is a proper subject for the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, I would be glad to make inquiry through it for the quickest time in which a quarter of a mile has actually been run, where the time has been accurately ascertained by a good watch. I am led to make the inquiry by supposing that most people are under a great error in regard to this matter. It is frequently asserted that a first rate quarter nag will run the 440 yards in from seventeen to eighteen seconds. I lately timed a good horse, though perhaps not first rate, that was twenty-four seconds running the quarter. This led me to make some calculations, which I herein send you.

A horse will make 70 jumps of near 19 feet in 440 yards.

Time of running a quarter.	Feet per second.	Feet. In.	Feet. In.	Feet. In.
17 sec.	77	73	17 seconds will	20 seconds will
18	73	4	beat 18	beat 21
19	69	6	" " 19	" " 22
20	66		" " 20	" " 23
21	62	104	18 seconds will beat	" " 24
22	60		19	22 seconds will beat
23	57	43	" " 20	23
24	55		" " 21	24
			" " 22	58
			" " 23	6
			" " 24	110
				330

CHESTATEE.

MR. EDITOR :

Pendleton, S. C. Sept. 21, 1836.

I send you the pedigree of the gray mare Chestatee, raised by me and now owned jointly with Mr. John Maxwell. In enumerating the racing stock of the south, the writer of the article from the Georgia Courier, in the August number of the Turf Register, has not thought proper to mention her; although I should have supposed she was as deserving as many that have been named. If for no other reason, her running second to Bascomb, on the three mile day in January last, over the Lafayette Course, when quite lame, as was evident to hundreds, ought to have at least entitled her to a passing notice.

Whether intended or not is a matter of little moment, but the writer has included her among those summed up in the last paragraph of his article, where he says : 'So we are sure there are many race nags who are unworthy of notice, but for the gratification of their owners. It is very far from being the fact, that every man who thinks he has got a race horse, has got one.' Now these are simple truths, but I

do not think they suit my case. I believe candidly that I have as good a race nag as any stated in the whole list, with the exception of Bascomb, and I must yield to him, as he beat me. I do not intend to impugn the motives of the writer, they are of little consequence; but as he did commence a list, he ought to have done equal justice. I make these remarks to vindicate the reputation of a dumb brute that has been grossly overlooked by the Georgia Courier. I say *grossly*, for she has given, publicly, repeated evidences in the last two seasons, of being a race nag of no ordinary pretensions, and particularly on the Augusta course. But she will be in the hands of that veteran of the turf, Mr. James J. Harrison, for the ensuing campaign, and if no accident happen, will command for herself that attention which has been unjustly denied by the Courier.

To shew further that I am not singular in my opinion of her, I have an offer of 2,000 dollars, which I can get at any moment that I am disposed to sell.

Respectfully, yours, &c.

JOHN E. COLHOUN.

THE ADVANTAGE OF LEAVING HOUNDS TO THEMSELVES WHEN AT FAULT,—OVER-RIDING HOUNDS, &c.

I am fearful I shall draw upon me the indignation of the fast ones among your readers, in recommending so strenuously that hounds should be left to themselves. But let me implore them to suspend their anger, and like Tam O'Shanter's wife, 'nurse their wrath to keep it warm,' till I fail to convince them that blood is more likely to result from my measures, than from those hasty casts so much applauded by the impetuosity of youth. I have been possessed of every description of hound, from the lap-dog beagle, to the twenty-six inch blood-hound. I have killed every animal of the chase, (if they may be so called,) from the stoat to the stag, and I never put on my night-cap, after a day's hunting, but on my pillow I run over every inch of the ground I have passed in the day. I review every circumstance that has occurred, and have almost invariably found that success has crowned my efforts only when I suffered myself to be guided and directed by the hounds; and that I have most frequently failed when I made the most rapid and dashing casts. Surely they will admit we are more likely to get up to our animal while hounds are showing you the line it has gone, than in galloping over a country upon a wild conjecture? I would not have them suppose that I wish hounds to stand bellowing on a plough for half an hour, while your fox is travelling miles before you. Give them but time enough to show you

his line, and then trot on with them, still on their noses, to better ground. Let them consider for a moment how much more eagerly your hounds will fling for the scent when they know it is not far from them, than when they are convinced they have left it a mile behind them. I have seen my hounds so disgusted at being taken from the line, that they would scarcely follow me in one of my foolish speculations. If after a ten minutes burst, hounds get into difficulties would they advise the huntsman instantly to catch hold of them and gallop away to such points as he *thinks* (for after all it must be only conjecture) the fox may have gone? Had he not better give them a little time to feel for it, catch their wind, and when they do hit it are they not enabled to press more severely, and if it should turn out a long day would his horse be any the worse for it? Show me the huntsman who with a stout afternoon fox has not upbraided himself for taking a liberty in the morning with his horse and his hounds; and particularly when some important period has arrived that required all his diligence and all his vigilance. How many a fox has escaped, that a quick eye, a clear head, and *half a minute sooner*, might have killed? Let the field imagine themselves a pack of bipeds on foot running hard in a deep snow the trail of a long-legged assassin or incendiary. When they came blown to a frequented road, or foil of sheep, would they flash about then? Would they not on the contrary pick it leisurely through till they recovered their wind? And when they hit him off, from finding themselves fresh, would they not follow him up much more cheerily? You have in the hound and horse a certain quantity of animal power to oppose the power of another animal with many chances in its favor. It becomes then the duty of the huntsman to husband the resources entrusted to him, and to exhaust as little as possible the strength and spirits of the animals he is at work with. These of course are only general rules, from which no doubt there are many exceptions. There are times to be quick, and times to be slow, and it is in the judicious selection of them that the clever huntsman is shown.

Now, reader, if you are a young one have patience with me, and let me indulge in that garrulity, the 'poor disbanded veteran's sole delight.' Do not when you come to the subject on which I am about to treat, close the book in disgust and exclaim *dead slow, by G—d*. Recollect there is this difference between us, you go out to gallop and jump till you have tired either your horse or yourself; no matter after what, scent or no scent, fresh fox or hunted fox, give you a good gallop and you are content. I go out to *kill a fox*, and I know from long experience that can only be accomplished by steadiness and perseverance. You are apt to consider that a fox keeps on all day at the

pace you see him leave the cover, and that at the first check he is running you out of scent. I know to the contrary; I have, from a knowledge of country, seen many a fox at a very short distance before the hounds, taking it very easily, stopping, listening, hanging in small covers, that a huntsman need never despair of getting up to him. I say stick to him so long as hound can feather on the scent. The most successful instance I ever knew was with the justly celebrated Meynell. He was drawing a gorse-cover, when a favourite hound spoke once, and only he. 'That will do,' said he, 'draw them round again, Raven.' He did, an hour passed away and the field became impatient; he still persevered, another hour passed and the field became outrageous. 'There is a fox in the cover and I will find him before I leave it,' said Mr. Meynell. The greater part of the field went home. 'Raven,' said he, 'whereabouts did that hound speak?' 'Close to that low bush, sir.' 'Then get off and go in.' It was a low thorn bush that leaned over the gorse, in which was a magpie's nest, and on Raven looking up, he saw the fox peeping over the top of the nest at him. He whipped him out, gave a scream, there was a good scent, they had a most magnificent run and killed him near their kennel.

Don't you think if hounds will work hard to enjoy a weak scent, that they would make haste with a good one, and such haste as would puzzle the best of your prads to live with them? I have been complained of for not mentioning the riders. The only answer I can make to it, is, I am unable, for I never look at them but with fear and trembling. When I see men going at a fence before half the hounds are over, I am not so uncharitable as to wish they may break their necks, but I do wish their horses may have more sense than their riders and refuse to take them. There are two things (in the language of Solomon) 'that I abhor, yea, three are an abomination to me.' The sight of a greyhound in the street, the sight of the word *Reform*, and the sight of a rider pressing on hounds. Ye noble generous youths, think not that I wish to repress your ardour, for I glory in you. I still remember that I once was young, and hope my 'easy presence will check no decent haste.' All I ask, all I implore, is, give them room enough to swing when they are off it, and do not spoil your own sport; you will be gainers by it in the end, the hounds will be better settled, you will have fewer checks, and most probably a pad in your pocket when you go home. As hounds are my everlasting theme, I must relate one more anecdote, and if the circumstance had not occurred in the presence of many who can bear witness to it, I would hardly dare to mention it. I bred some beagles from Lord Maynard's stock, and was tempted by a high price to part

with them ; never shall I forget the sensations I experienced on my first visit, in the gloom of a summer evening, to the kennel, after they were gone ; no cheerful notes welcomed my arrival, no favourite hound came forward for his accustomed caress, 'a solemn silence reigned around,' and I may add, 'tears bedimmed each eye.' The deserted benches, the dusty troughs, the extinguished fire, the listless couples—the sad mementos of departed happiness—made me feel that I stood alone in the world. I am not much of a philanthropist, and 'scratch too grey a head' to place much confidence in the sympathy and regard of my fellow men. Experience has taught me, if we seek for comfort here below, it will only be found in a hound and a petticoat : use them well, and one will tear his eyes out in the thickest cover, and the other would sacrifice her valuable life, to promote it. Can you do too much for them ? I left the kennel with that depression of spirits that any of your readers might feel after a solitary walk through the vault of their ancestors, and viewing the next niche gaping to receive him. I, therefore, determined to have some more hounds, and having heard that John Chapman had a draft from Mr. Marriott to dispose of, I met them at Cambridge, by appointment, and there found I could be accommodated with any size from a calf to a cat. In selecting some twenty inch hounds, I was particularly struck with a lemon-pied bitch, not quite clean below her hocks, or she would have been perfection. She had the most knowing-looking head I ever saw stuck upon a hound, and consequently became a pet. I got together a lot almost all strangers to each other, and felt anxious for the approach of the season to make my debut. At length the wished for morn arrived, the corn was cut, but not carried, and I determined to take them to a wheat-stubble to see them work a trail ; but unfortunately a hare jumped up among them and away went my fine favourite two fields to the left of them. I sent the whip with orders to cut her in two, or ride over her and kill her. He was some time before he could get at her, and at the first cut she shut up ; I pronounced her a most inveterate skirter, and as she would not come on the line then, I determined she should when she got home. At the end of fifteen minutes she came to them, worked the hardest on the line, and killed her hare almost without assistance. She continued the same till her death. She would not go near them for the first ten or fifteen minutes, but so soon as she began to go to work, it was 'Coutts to a coster-monger' against the hare. At the time I had her, a park-wall in the neighbourhood was under repair, and several deer got out. In drawing for a hare one of the deer jumped up off a fallow, and the hounds went away at her haunches. A severe burst followed, I was on a horse I had not ridden before, a desperate puller,

and the perspiration was rolling off me in torrents, when the hounds got up to her in a river. In saying her I got a complete soaking, and very foolishly went to look for a hare afterwards. As might have been expected, I caught a dreadful cold, and was put to bed, and there I lay for a fortnight. At the end of that time, I sent for one of the boys to the bedside, and said to him, 'To-morrow is my birth-day, and you know I always hear a hound on that day; besides it is my jubilee, I complete half a century. Take a horse, go to Palmer's wood, and see if you can slot a deer. If so, call on our prickers and say I will be there to-morrow at ten.' He came back, said he could slot a brace, and had let our friends know. My next consideration was to stall-off the doctor, as I was sure there would be a shindy down stairs, and he would come up well primed with advice. In the evening up he came, and, with unusual solemnity of manner, began on the importance of preserving our health for the sake of our families. I said I know what you would be at, doctor, don't crane, but go slap at it. When he had done, I said, 'Well, I am determined to go, and will take the whole responsibility on myself.' In the morning I put on my great-coat, started, and had not been long out before I encountered a snow-storm. A pretty comforter for a fellow who had been a fortnight under three blankets with a great fire in the room. One holloa, said I, will get up the circulation. I threw them in, gave them a side wind, and was soon cheered with a crash that showed they were at his haunches. It would be tedious to describe the day, sufficient be it to say we changed three times, and had been running nearly three hours, when we were holloaed to a stale scent. When I got round and found how it was, I unmuzzled rather freely at them, for presuming to holloa the hounds away, and durst not put them back into the cover, as it was full of hares. My only dependence was now on 'Trollop,' for she alone could speak to it, and carried it on to a warren, and while working it on a gravel road, the body burst out and brought a hare close by her nose. She lifted up her head, saw it, and *instantly put her nose down and stuck to the deer*. They were stopped and brought back, and the field became very free with their advice. You may talk to eternity, said I, for so long as that bitch can show me the line, so long will I stick to it. She carried it into the middle of the warren, when suddenly throwing her head to the wind, she crouched like a panther, and rushing into a thicket, out he bounded. Had I taken their advice I should have left the deer behind me. We took him a very short ring, brought him back, and very soon pulled him down. When the excitement was all over, I was ready to fall through weakness. I lay on my horse's neck, got home as well as I could, was lifted off, put into a hot bed,

and ruminating on what had passed, I forgot my disease, and was confirmed in an opinion I had long entertained, *That there is more virtue in a saddle than in the whole Materia Medica!*

I could adduce innumerable instances of the advantages arising from a steady attention to hounds while they are at work, instead of listening to the foolish advice of those about you. But I trust I have said enough to put a *young* huntsman on his guard, and I once more assure him he will never be successful, unless he has confidence in his hounds, and in his hounds only.

I am delighted to see the kind construction your correspondents generally put on the conduct of those who assume the management of hounds. It is an arduous task, and the sporting world are under great obligations to them, but I cannot help how and then thinking that they stand in the same relation to each other as members of Parliament do to reporters. For if all the acts of the one, and the words of the other, were to be laid before the public, perhaps such favourable conclusions would not be drawn.

I have said I hate the word Reform, and I do despise it most heartily, for the Reform of the Game Laws, and Reform of the Poor Laws, have made every labourer a poacher; so much so, that this neighbourhood, which formerly abounded with hares, is now almost entirely bereft of them. A friend of mine is similarly circumstanced, and is desirous of taking a country to hunt hare three days a week, with a subscription, in England or Wales. Should this meet the eye of any of your readers who wish to have a country hunted, may I take the liberty to request your permission to allow them to address a letter to you, which when forwarded to me shall receive due attention.

Yours, &c.

THISTLEWHIPPER

[London New Sporting Magazine.]

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle.)

A YANKEE IN ENGLAND.

Southampton, Eng. July, 1836

A PIGEON MATCH—YANKEE SUPERIORITY WITH THE RIFLE.—

After having supped in the coffee room with several very agreeable and intelligent fellows. I smoked a cigar with a rather gentlemanly and spirited young man, who was dressed in a green hunting coat, with yellow buttons, low-crowned and broad-brimmed hat, with a riding whip in his hand. He seemed to be well known to every body, and conversed in a fluent, easy, and manly way upon all kinds of sporting topics—hunting, racing, shooting, &c. &c. I soon found

that he was one of the most accomplished sportsmen in the neighbourhood, and he informed me that a pigeon match was to take place at about a mile distance the following morning. I resolved to be present. All the feelings of my hunting days in Kentucky and the far West came over me; I forgot entirely that I was in England, and a stranger. But I did not forget to hasten to my bed room and put my rifle in order. You remember, doubtless, that in my own town I was second to none in the use of that deadly instrument.—Therefore imagine me casting bullets in the kitchen, and putting every thing in trim for the purpose of using one of the best rifles our country has produced. My heart beat high with hope and pride; indeed I hardly slept all night for the thought that, should I be lucky, with a single ball, too, how the natives would stare! Forgive me if I felt a confidence bordering upon vanity. I really could not help it; though I knew the birds were only to be fired at with shot, yet I hoped to make a rifle match with some one on the ground, (as many spare birds were to be taken.)

The hour came, and a large party repaired to the field, I among the rest. I soon found that the sport was uncommon at this season of the year, but the match was held for the purpose of settling a particular bet. The pigeons were brought on the ground in large baskets, and were placed *one*, sometimes *two* at a time, in a kind of trap, at the distance of *twenty-one* yards from the marksmen. They were called *blue pigeons*, and when the signal was given they fled with great rapidity and strength. The two competitors fired tolerably well, but my sporting friend had the better because when they fired with double-barrelléd guns at 'twos,' he contrived, with great coolness and dexterity, to bring down both his birds twice out of three times. The match ended by his killing ten birds out of twelve, while his rival only shot nine. He then turned to me and said—

'I suppose you shoot better than that in America?' 'No,' said I 'that is very tolerable shooting any where.' But he asked, 'what in the name of all that is ridiculous, could have induced you to bring your rifle to a pigeon match? It is of no use whatever in this kind of sport. How small the barrel is! I never saw so singular an instrument.'

'It is a piece that requires 75 balls to the pound.' 'Pshaw!' exclaimed he, 'Never heard of such a thing; it can have but little power. Our rifles carry balls of three quarters of an ounce each.'

Self. Well, I will try you at six pigeons each with it, giving you the advantage of one, just for a friendly dinner between four of us.

Sportsman. Agreed! Not that I expect to win; but as I have gained something handsome already, I am not particular about losing.

Besides, I do not believe that even you, with all your practice can possibly strike a bird with a single ball. It seems so extraordinary.

The birds were trapped one by one, and public expectation was excited, I do assure you, to a very great degree. Even I began to fancy that I had been too self-confident in offering to shoot pigeons with a rifle. However, the distance tempted me, and I knew if they fled straight forward I should have a good chance.

We cast lots for the first shot; it fell to my rival. I loaded and he fired; but he missed every shot. He bore the disappointment, however, with excellent humour. I took the rifle—the first bird flew slant-wise in so singular a manner that I could not bring the sight to bear; after raising my piece to my shoulder I lowered it again, and allowed the pigeon to escape without firing. You know the Kentucky rule, ‘never shoot till you are sure.’ The second bird served me in the same manner, and I again lowered my piece. The by-standers manifested signs of disappointment and dissatisfaction, and I, I must confess, felt the very reverse of comfortable. The third pigeon was loosed, and she fled straight a-head, and, when at the distance of 70 yards, at least, a rifle ball whistled through the air, and—she fell. A loud shout proclaimed my success. Another I succeeded with, and at greater distance. The people were literally delighted, for they positively understood nothing here about rifle shooting. ‘Now,’ said I, ‘if I kill the next, I will not fire at another; but let any gentleman try that pleases.’ I said this because I did not wish to risk the missing of either of them if I pulled the trigger, that is, if I could possibly avoid it. A dead silence ensued, now and then only interrupted by the audible whispers of ‘American,’ ‘an American;’ ‘well, it is extraordinary,’ ‘could’nt have believed it if I had not seen it,’ &c. &c. Do not imagine I was conceited; I was not—I felt as if I was shooting for the honor of my country; that sentiment nerved and steadied my hand and eye, and gave me hopes of victory. This, the last bird, flew upwards, but still straight a-head, and, in a second or so, fell, having received the ball at a still greater distance than the other two. The applause was tremendous, and I was regarded as a prodigy by all around, while I felt quite cool upon the business, as you know that, among western hunters, it would have been merely considered ‘pretty fair shooting,’ but nothing wonderful. I will not conceal, however, that I experienced a gratification approaching to triumph, as I returned to town with the party—and this was not diminished when my ‘health,’ coupled with the ‘prosperity of America,’ was drunk after dinner. To gratify my new friends, I have given them a direction in the United States where they may obtain good rifles. They intend sending for four genuine American.

YAXLEY REGATTA.

'Thomas! is my anchor come from the smith's?' 'Yes, sir, I have sent it on board, and a block for the jib-haulyards.' 'Cook! have you made a pigeon-pie?' 'Yes, sir! and put a beefsteak at the bottom.' 'Let a ham be boiled,—roast those three couple of chickens, and have the ten gallon cask filled with ale out of 'Sampson,' but don't draw it off until the morning. Put half a dozen of champagne in ice by six o'clock to-morrow morning, Joseph, and pack six bottles of punch with it.' 'Yes, sir!'

Such, and such like, were the dialogues that took place between the captains of the boats and the heads of the several parties we shall hereafter allude to, and their mates, cooks, and butlers, on the 13th of June, the day which preceded *Yaxley Regatta*. Each host providing to suit the tastes of his friends, all the requisites for a pic-nic were pressed into the service, from cider and lemonade to be sipped with delicately-cut sandwiches, to the more substantial *ballast* of beef and strong ale, together with grog of all colours, cigars, pipes, and tobacco. Gentle reader, the crews and passengers of the vessels which cruised on Whittlesea-mere, on the 14th, were not flesh-abhorring Brahmins, nor had they enrolled themselves members of the Temperance Society, the rules of which would not allow even seven-water grog; nevertheless, I assure you, every one was temperate, but 'not by compulsion.' Captain Marryatt, R. N., who is good authority on this matter, says, 'of all the amusements entered into by the nobility and gentry of our island, there is not one so manly, so exciting, so patriotic, or so national, as yacht-sailing,' and, I can add, there is no place better adapted for taking that amusement, in a *small way*, than the well-known Lake of the Fens, Whittlesea-mere; being a broad expanse of three thousand eight hundred acres, and from E. N. E. to W. S. W. giving a course of nearly three miles. During the summer (except in very dry seasons) the depth of water remains about two or three feet, and in the winter four or five; the bottom is muddy, but sufficiently hard to admit of walking out from any part, should you get swamped. The Mere is situated six miles (across land) from Peterborough, two miles from Yaxley, two and a half from Stilton, and five from Whittlesea. From the surrounding country being so perfectly flat, the breeze upon it is steady and free from those puffs and squalls that rivers are, from their hilly banks, so subject to: but when it does blow it has all the breeze, and I have seen it as rough as some parts of our coast. Some years since it was much frequented by gentlemen who kept boats there; the fashion seems again to have

revived, and likely to continue in existence, as there is now more water than has been known for several summers. But to my yarn about the 14th. It has been the custom for many years with the people of Yaxley and neighbourhood 'to go on the Mere' on the day after the George and Dragon Club-feast, and on this occasion as many as forty-one sail turned out, having, on an average, from ten to twelve persons on board each boat. The vessels were as various as numerous, from the aristocratic reg'lar built cutter to the plebeian turf-boat. In noticing the reg'lar built, I shall begin with 'The Black Dwarf,' owner, Mr. F. J. Jenkins. She is of six tons and cutter-rigged, as pretty a little craft as ever swam, and, give her but plenty of wind and water, decidedly the best boat of the fleet, although, on this day, her sailing could not be estimated, being on the ground the whole way; she carries an immense spread of canvass, and is stiff under it, sails fast, goes near the wind, and in tacking is the handiest that can be wished for, having been frequently put about in five seconds. 'The Black Dwarf' is decked, and has a cabin conveniently fitted up. Her owner has obtained the rank and title of 'Commodore,' not only from his vessel being of the greatest tonnage, but also from his well-known aquatic propensities, jolly disposition, manly bearing, and being a good sailor.

The next in consequence, and fastest this day, was 'The Will-o'-the-Wisp,' from Cambridge, Mr. Reeve, owner, accompanied by several gentlemen of St. John's. She is of rather less tonnage than 'The Black Dwarf,' draws less water, and sails fast, but from a want of more canvass aft, does not stay well. She is also decked and has a cabin, which, if it were lopped off about a foot, and that added to the foot of the mainsail, would make her a very superior boat. In point of speed I must next notice 'The Barley-meal-Tub,' Mr. Harvey, owner. This boat is dandy-rigged and, although with a crew of sixteen on board; cuts her way at a good pace. The fourth place must undoubtedly be given to 'The Ariel,' owner Mr. Samuel Buckle. She is allowed by all to be as trim and ship-shape as any thing afloat, sails in the wind's eye, and is fast, is cutter-rigged and carries her canvass well; in a breeze 'She walks the waters like a thing of life.' Her owner is never better pleased than when his friends are cruising with him and 'the wild waves heaving high.' I shall certainly put 'The Python' amongst the best of the small craft. Had she a little more canvass, she would, upon a trial, be found well a-head, but not coming until late in the day, her comparative sailing could not be judged of. Her owner, Mr. Lewin, is a prime fellow and a good sailor. Next comes 'The Scout,' Mr. E. R. Theid, owner. She is a well built boat, and since the addition of two inches more keel, goes

better to windward and looks well on the water, but alas! it is my unpleasant duty to report that this day, in waring, she capsized, and with 'the freighting souls within her,' went down, reposing for a time on the oozy bed of the Mere, with gun-whale just below the water's edge; nothing worse happened to her crew than a ducking, as the hands of 'The Black Dwarf,' and 'The Ariel,' assisted in getting her up and baling out. The owner was not on board, and the helm was taken by so good a fellow that I cannot find it in my heart to call him *lubberly* lest it should disgust him for the future with Regattas; indeed, I should not have recorded this mishap of 'The Scout,' but that her *log* was amongst the several articles that were missing when she righted, and her captain (though 'up to every thing') too much in the wrong to venture to write another.

'What sail is that about a mile to leeward?' 'The Swift,' was the quick reply from half-a-dozen voices. She had been beating up to windward all the morning, but made little way. The reason is soon seen, she is all hull in the water, and scarcely any canvass above it; give her half as much more and she would show a lively forefoot. 'The Swift' is a gondola-looking craft, and dandy-rigged; her owner, Mr. P. Sers, is a hearty fellow, and a capital fox-hunter, although rather timid at this work; nevertheless reader, when you bring up and cast anchor for dinner, get along side of him if you can, as you will then stand a chance of a prime glass of grog; his cognac is the best that ever was tipped, and he is extremely hospitable.

Last, in our catalogue, is a boat *sine nomine* we believe, as far as the owner is concerned, but to which 'the people' have facetiously given the *soubriquet* of 'The Tom and Jerry,' from the good-humoured owner, Mr. Whaite, being a small brewer and lord of a score of beer shops. She has for several years been the 'crack' boat, and is said, with some truth, to have beaten every thing; the fact is, that until this year she had nothing to compete with but the slow and steady turf-boats, or small lighters, which she used to pass *gal-lantly* and leave astern, but on this day she cut a bad figure. The rest of the fleet consisted of heavy craft, ('beasts of burden') fishing, and other small boats.

Mr. Preston's band of about twenty excellent performers occupied one boat, and enlivened the scene by moving about and playing throughout the day. There was but little wind during the morning, so that it was two P. M., before the boats had beat up to windward, when they all cast anchor close in shore. The several parties landed at Sword's-point, a projection of land on which, as the seasons revolve, the snipe and the bullock by turns luxuriate. And here was 'a gay and festive scene,' the performers in the drama a motly group—old

men and maidens, young men and children, with a small sprinkling of old women. The dresses of both ladies and gentlemen were as varied as an artist with a soul for the picturesque could desire: here you might see the delicate form of a damsel, arrayed in cool and comfortable muslin, finely relieved by the deep shade of her 'dear Henry's' dark velveteen shooting-coat, under which he sweltered and truly looked in *melling mood*. There you might admire the blue-jackets, and striped-shirts, and jerseys, and straw hats of the captains and crews of the yachts, mingling and moving with the white gowns of the fair daughters of Yaxley and the neighbourhood, whilst bonnets, ribbons, and parasols of every hue assisted to form a *tout ensemble* that would have gladdened the eye of a Stoic. Talk of rigging; you should have seen one landsman who came to this water frolic in a super coat with fancy buttons, lemon-coloured kid gloves, a white pocket-handkerchief scented with lavender-water, and his whiskers curled! yes, may I never go abroad again if the barber had not been at work; would you wonder then that so many who were bonneted should be captivated with him?

The crews and passengers now became occupied in divers ways (I don't mean looking for pearls at the bottom of the Mere);—the prog and grog were handed ashore and spread upon the green grass table cloth, round which groups were seen busy stowing away beef, bread, and all the etceteras, whilst others were, by way of getting an appetite, dancing quadrilles to the music of the band; several young couples were seen to 'pair off in favour of the proposition,' as the Parliament men say, leaving the matrons to the contemplation of the prospect. Dining at last become general on board as well as ashore, the rattle of plates, knives, and forks was the only music heard, as the band which had played so long was now hard at work. About four P. M. the breeze freshened, and the fleet was again under weigh, and remained so until evening came, when Phœbus 'dowsed the gliu' in the West as a signal for all to steer homeward. Thus ended a day which was designated, according to the age or sex of the commentator, as 'lovely, jolly, splendid, magnificent, pleasant, de-e-lightful, glorious, heavenly, cum multis aliis.' The general approval of all that took place (the capsizing adding to the fun,) will doubtless lead to a repetition of the day's amusement during the autumn, indeed it is proposed to turn out in full force every fortnight.

BEN BRACE.

[From the New Sporting Magazine.]

CURE FOR FISTULA.—I have recently cured the 'fistula of the withers' (after trying every supposed remedy that was recommended) with *three applications* of oxyde of arsenic to the surface of the ulcer.

T.

NAMING COLTS AND FILLIES.

MR. EDITOR:

Upper Marlbro', Oct. 14, 1836.

I have noticed an article in your last number, over the signature of 'James A. Shorb,' in which the writer complains of my having called one of my fillies 'Annot Lyle,' a name to which he says, 'I justly claim the right of priority;' and as proof of his claim refers us to one of your back Nos. where, he says, 'you will find the same name given to my bay filly by Gregory, dam Lady Stirling.'

I have no disposition, Mr. Editor, to enter into any controversy with the writer of that article through the columns of your Register, more particularly upon so trivial a subject as that to which he has called my attention. But in justice to myself, and lest the writer may continue under the impression that 'my inventive genius was very much at fault' in finding a name for my filly, or that in giving her such a name I had the most remote reference to his filly, I feel constrained in reply to his remarks to make the following explanations upon that subject.

During the spring season of 1833, I sent my brood mare Lady Clifton to Col. Johnson's Medley, then standing at the Central Course under the management of Col. Selden, and I then determined, and made known my determination to many of my friends and acquaintances, that if she proved in foal and brought me a filly, I would call her 'Annot Lyle:' if a colt, I would call him 'Cheltenham,' (which latter name, by the way, I now bespeak for my next colt from Lady Clifton.) She did bring me a filly on the 27th day of March, 1834, and on that day I entered her birth and name in my stud book. The following extract from my stud book, which I give entire, will prove it.

'Annot Lyle, g. f. foaled 27th March, 1834, got by Col. Johnson's Medley, out of Lady Clifton, bred on shares with Robert Bowie, Esq.'

I hope, Mr. Editor, the above statement will satisfy Mr. Shorb that I neither desired to rob his filly by Gregory, of a name to which he was 'justly entitled,' or that I intended to avail myself of his 'inventive genius' to supply me with one. My filly was called after the name of a sweet little Scotch song then much in fashion, called '*The lovely Annot Lyle*,' and before recording it in my stud book I searched the Turf Register and the English Stud Book throughout, to find whether such a name had been given to any nag before her. I found none of that name recorded in either of those works, and I concluded that I had a perfect right to adopt it for my filly. Mr. Shorb places his claim to the name now in question on the ground of his having recorded it first; but if he will refer to the August number of the

Turf Register for 1835, page 632, he will discover that he has recorded his filly as of a *very different name from mine*, and if he intended the same name, he has not so recorded it in fact, and can therefore claim no preference on that ground. His filly is there called '*Annot Lisle*;' a name which is not only spelt differently, but which, when properly pronounced, *sounds differently* from mine, and which certainly can claim no kin to the '*lovely Annot Lyle*' of the Scotch song.

I certainly agree with Mr. Shorb, that the habit of 'calling gets alike' sometimes leads to 'awkward conclusions,' and ought not to be indulged in. I have myself uniformly endeavoured to avoid it; but I cannot agree with him in the propriety of the rule he adopts, 'that the one who has first entered or recorded a name has the right of priority, and that all others are in duty bound to withdraw their claims.' I see no reason for such a rule. It would certainly lead to unjust results, and is purely arbitrary in its nature. The analogy he draws between the recording of deeds and the recording of horses' names will not hold, upon any principle, unless he can make it appear that a man is equally *bound by law* to record his horse's name as he is to record his deed. The law obliges every man to record his deed if he wishes to avail himself of its benefits, but I know of no law, nor can any principle be stated, by which a man is *bound* to record the name of his horse. The only true and equitable rule should be, to allow him the 'right of priority' as to *names* of horses who has it in point of fact. A contrary rule might operate unjustly in practice, as it would enable a person to deprive his neighbour of a name which he had taken first, and to which he might be enthusiastically attached, by his more active diligence in having it recorded. Every man should be allowed the fruits of *his own invention*, and no rule which is the creature of *mere fiction*, should be adopted to deprive him of them. The fact as to who was first in *point of time* in the choice of a name, can always be readily ascertained among gentlemen of the turf, and whenever that fact is ascertained, the question should be considered as settled. Let the date of the record in each gentleman's *stud book*, and the *entry* of the name therein, be the standard to govern us in this matter, and there can never arise any difficulty as to the 'right of priority' in relation to the naming of horses.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS F. BOWIE.

[On the subject discussed by our correspondents, Dr. Shorb and Mr. Bowie, we may be permitted a few suggestions. The evil of a multiplicity of the same names is apparent to every body connected with the stud or the turf. A remedy then must be a matter of interest to them. That proposed by Dr. Shorb appears to Mr. Bowie to be arbitrary; but it must be apparent that that proposed by Mr. Bowie will be inefficient. Confined to the private stud book of the breeder, how will other breeders be

aware of its existence, and consequently, will not all breeders be liable to the inconvenience of having given a name that must ere long be altered or produce confusion? Now, the remedy proposed by Dr. Shorb, it seems to us, is the only efficient one; and we cannot discover the objection to it which Mr. Bowie urges. Let all breeders, on the day they enter the new name in their private stud book, send us the name and pedigree of the colt or filly for publication in the Turf Register, and then there will be nothing arbitrary in the rule. But all *rules* are arbitrary, and adopt what plan you will, you must submit to the necessity of a compliance with it; and we see no more difficulty in complying with the one suggested by Dr. Shorb, than there would be with any other.]

JOHN BASCOMB'S CHALLENGE.

It would appear from the following letter from Col. Crowell, that John Bascomb is willing to argue the question of superiority with his feet and legs instead of the pen and press. That is the right way—the proper forum for the discussion of relative speed and bottom is the turf. Some object to Bascomb's proposition to run at Augusta; but it seems to us nothing but fair that as he went to the north last spring, those who may be desirous of contending with him should go to the south next spring. It could not surely be expected that he would do *all* the travelling. This objection, however, we suspect will prevent the acceptance of the challenge by Post Boy, though we have heard that there is at least one, in the west, anxious for a brush with the gallant southron.

SIR :

Fort Mitchell, Ala. Oct. 9, 1836.

Please state in the next number of your Turf Register, that my horse, John Bascomb, is open to run a match race, four mile heats, against any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States, for twenty thousand dollars, over the course at Augusta, Georgia. Should this proposition not be taken by the 1st of January next, I propose standing him the next season in Augusta, Geo. and if taken, the race must come off by or before the 1st of March next.

I have the honor to be, your ob't serv't,

JOHN CROWELL.

Editor Turf Register, Baltimore.

Since the above was prepared for the press we caused Col Crowell's letter to be read at a meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club, at the recent races; when a friend of Post Boy promptly proposed to run him against John Bascomb over any course from Washington to the Union Course on Long Island, next spring, for \$20,000, four mile heats. The gentleman stated that he supposed there was some per-

son present authorized to make the match, but as there was no person present to accept the proposition, he did not consider it binding for any future time.

In conversations at the Central Course we heard the views of various turfmen on the subject of horses going south to run in the spring races, and it is but just that one of the objections against it should be stated. It is, that a northern horse would be compelled to go to the south in the fall, and be trained there to be able to run in the spring. This, it must be obvious, is an insurmountable one.

VICKSBURG JOCKEY CLUB.

At a meeting of the citizens of Vicksburg, held on the 20th September, for the purpose of organizing a Jockey Club, William R. Campbell was appointed chairman, and F. Pinckard secretary.

The meeting then proceeded to elect a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and three stewards; and upon counting the votes, WM. R. CAMPBELL was elected *President*; FERDINAND PINCKARD, *Vice-President*; THOMAS F. WALKER, *Secretary* and *Treasurer*; and RICHARD LYONS, A. B. READING, and — THATCHER, *Stewards*.

On motion of R. J. Lyons, it was resolved that this meeting be governed by the rules and regulations of the New Natchez Jockey Club, until this meeting see proper to revise and correct the same.

Resolved, That two negative votes will exclude any person from becoming a member.

On motion of Mr. O. Claiborne, it was resolved that the first meeting of this Club be held on the first Wednesday in December, and continue four days.

On motion of F. Pinckard, it was resolved that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to regulate the purses and distances for the first fall meeting; whereupon Messrs. O. Claiborne, A. B. Reading, and T. M. Jackson were appointed, who reported as follows:

Vicksburg Jockey Club Races, to commence on the first Wednesday in December, and continue four days.

First day, mile heats for three year old colts, purse \$200, entrance \$20.

Second day, two mile heats, purse \$300, entrance \$30.

Third day, three mile heats, purse \$500, entrance \$50.

Fourth day, four mile heats, purse \$1,000, entrance \$400.

Same day, a single dash of a mile, free for any horse, mare or gelding; purse \$200, entrance \$20. Entrance money of this race added.

WM. R. CAMPBELL, *President*.

THOS. F. WALKER, *Secretary*.

CHALLENGE TO THE COCKERS OF HAGERSTOWN, MD.*

I will meet the cockers of Hagerstown, in June next, at Baltimore; showing thirty-five cocks, within the following weights: from 4 lbs. 8 ozs., to 6 lbs. 8 ozs., for \$5,000 on the odd fight, and \$100 per battle; to fight agreeably to the Rules of Thomas Turner, of Virginia, provided this challenge be accepted by the 1st day of January, 1837.

If the challenge should be accepted, I propose to deposite, in any named bank in Baltimore, one half of the above amount, as a forfeit.

GRIFFIN EDMONDSON.

Augusta, Ga. September 5, 1836.

CLAIBORNE JOCKEY CLUB.

MR. EDITOR :

Port Gibson, Miss. Sept. 18, 1836.

We have just organized a Jockey Club at this place, called the *Claiborne Jockey Club*, to continue for five years. The races will commence on the first Wednesday in November next, and continue four days. There is something like a thousand dollars subscribed, and will be more. The proprietor, Mr. Kenley, is doing his best; the stand is erected, stabling and other necessary buildings have gone up as it were by magic. The track will be an exact mile, three feet from the inside. The first day will be mile heats, for colts raised in Claiborne, Warren, Copiah, and Jefferson counties. The balance of the week is free for any horse, mare or gelding in the United States. Dr. Thos. B. Magruder is President, and your humble servant,

JAMES MOORE, *Recording Secretary*.

RODOLPH AGAINST THE WORLD.

The 'agony is over;' the 'hurley burley's done;' the race is ours, and 'Old Kentuck' stands erect and unshaken in her stirrups. The brief but brilliant career of Angora is gone, like the fleeting glory of a sunbeam; the sun of her fame has sunk in darkness, whilst that of her competitor is careering in the ascendant. We should not, we will not, exult too loudly over a fallen foe, although we have just cause for exultation: When state is arrayed against state, and the contest assumes a local character; when the Southrons have rushed upon us, as did the Assyrians of old upon Sennacherib, boasting and laughing us to scorn, and striving to overshadow us by oversizing our pile; 'when Tennessee, backed by her neighbours, the sun-burnt sons of the South, has rained down the eel-skins as thick as autumnal leaves, trying to frighten us to death: I say, when all these things happen, and Old Kentuck, alone and single-handed, has *fanned out* all competition, I do think we have a right to triumph. It is natural to do so, and *ergo we exult*.

Perhaps no race in the Union ever excited greater or more intense interest. Strangers from all quarters had congregated until the crowd of spectators amounted to about ten thousand. The maimed, the halt, and some

say, a few of the *blind*, were in attendance, to witness this thrilling contest. For days previous Angora was the favourite, the main stay and cherished hope of the *knowing ones*. They looked upon her as the *lioness* destined to crush in embryo and silence forever the claims of Kentucky for speed, bottom, or stock, in horses. Two to one and even greater odds were bet with a recklessness, which testified that their confidence amounted almost to certainty—thus treating our modest but gallant champion with marked contempt. Some even went so far as to wager, that Rodolph would be missing at the appointed time and the forfeit surrendered. Alas vain boast! This infatuation only went to prove how far poor frail humanity can be deluded. It affected not Rodolph or his friends. He was resolved, and his friends convinced, that he would *come up to the trough and toe the trig*. He did come, nor was his coming heralded by trumpet and clarion: but, like a well-bred gentleman, without parade or ostentation he passed through our city, and as a sensible Kentuckian, he took lodgings in a retired spot, afar from the din and tumult of the course, and there, reposing under the shade of his native oaks, he collected his great energies for the approaching crisis.

The day has arrived, the crowd collected, and the eventful hour is rapidly approaching. Pocket books are open, and lots of bank bills fluttering in the breeze. RODOLPH, that lordly steed, is on the track. Look at him as he walks down the *stretch*, curving his proud neck, and disdain-ing the earth he treads. Already, methinks, he is chuckling internally at these rash adventurers, who have come to his own door-sill to snatch away his empire. How are the bets *now*? 'Even!' 'Even!' is echoed and re-echoed by a thousand voices. Where are your two-to-one-betters, the wealthy Southrons, and especially the sharp eagle-eyed *knowing ones*? What! Are you scared at the appearance of that noble animal? Well may you be so—Old George Burbridge never heeled a *Dominico* yet; and the way you'll see sights will be curious. Look how he chews the bit and paws the earth, as if, for his mighty spirit, a kingdom were too small a compass.

'Clear the track, the riders are up,' is now rung like a peal of thunder throughout that vast agitated concourse. What a tremendous throbbing and palpitation is going on in the breast of many a luckless wight, who has staked the *needful* on the issue! Hark! the drum is tapped, and they are off!!! 'Angora ahead—go it Tennessee!' is now shouted in wild delight by the *knowing ones*. 'Where are you, Kentuck?' 'She is no where,' says a big double-fisted fellow, who has bet nine shillings on the race (a Cincinnati wager.) 'Kentuck is where she always was and ever will be—behind Tennessee.' 'Never mind,' cries a rough, honest-looking labourer, who has bet his month's wages on Rodolph, 'you'll see what's what before long—if Tennessee beats Old Kentuck this heat, I'll bet two to one the mare's tail drops off at the judge's stand:—Look there, my darling; Hurra, my Rodolph—by Juno he has *licked* her the second round, and, if he has'nt run clear from under the rider's cap, I wish I may be shot; and, by the memory of old Daniel Boone, if the boy will slacken a bit, I'll bet Rodolph can run clear out of his own skin. Go it

ye cripples! Rodolph against the world, and fling in a Rail-road.' And so indeed Rodolph had passed the boasted heroine of the South *just like a knife*, after loping behind her for gallantry's sake a mile or two. The way he came around the fourth time *wasn't slow*, and the way Angora was distanced was nobody's business but her own and that of the *knowing ones*. Who then can blame us for making the welkin ring? And indeed it did ring with a perfect *loudness*.

Thus terminated the great match-race between Tennessee and Old Kentucky in favour of the latter. *Angora*, the vanquished, was led off to her stable, and RODOLPH, the victorious, attended by a band of music, led off the multitude of joyous friends to Oakland House, where he was greeted with a volley of loud ear-piercing plaudits. Thus have the predictions of Gen. Jackson been fully and the dreams of Mrs. Judd partially verified. Old Hickory, the 'greatest and best,' looking through the vision of second sight, foretold the triumph of Rodolph. Many thought he was playing the courtier to our state, but now they are convinced he knows more about horse-racing than he ever did about the affairs of the nation; and as for Mrs. Judd, his rival in necromancy, she may burn her cards and drink her own coffee-grounds, as she knows no more about things that will come to pass, than Old Hickory does about things that have passed.

John Bascomb, a word in your ear. You stand in the same attitude to Rodolph that Clarence did to Gloster. 'Thou keep'st him from the light,' and must be removed. Then take the advice of a friend. Quit the turf and domiciliate thyself; be content with thy present celebrity and spend the residue of thy days in the luxuries of domestic life, for unless thou hast the 'speed of thought,' thou canst not contend with the western hero, who has proved incontestably, that he is 'every inch' a horse. Hurrah, my Old Kentuck! Who is not proud to be thy son, when thou canst produce the greatest man in the world and the fleetest nag? **Rock.**

Louisville Journal.]

RACING CALENDAR.

HOPKINSVILLE (Ken.) RACES,

* Commenced September 7, 1836.

First day, sweepstakes race, two mile heats, entrance \$500, half forfeit.

John Cooper's gr. h. Lem Gustin, five years old by Mercury, dam by Oscar,	3	1	1
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L. L. Leavell's bl. f. Streamlet, four years old, by Childers, dam Grecian Princess, by Cook's Whip,	2	2	2
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T. A. Pankey's b. h. Harkaway, five years old, by Merlin, dam Isabella, by Sir Archy,	1	dis.	
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John Poindexter's b. h. Louisian, five years old, by Randolph's Janus, dam by Ball's Florizel,	dis.		
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Time, 3m. 55½—4m. 2s.—4m. 15s. Won by Lem Gustin with ease.

Second day, Jockey Club Purse, \$200, two mile heats.

A. V. Long's b. c. Hardy Crier, three years old by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon,	1	1	
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T. M. Ewing's b. c. Snake Root, three years old, by Pacific, dam by Oscar,	2	2	
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Dr. Geo. B. Hopson's b. c. Bucephalus, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Knowsley, 3 3
 L. L. Leavell's b. c. Kentuckian, three years old, by Pacific, dam by Tiger, bolted and distanced.
 Time, 4m. 2s.—4m. 12s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$100, mile heats.

A. V. Long's b. f. Mary Jane Davis, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Arthur, 1 1
 L. L. Leavell's bl. f. Streamlet, four years old, by Childers, dam by Cook's Whip, 2 2
 John Poindexter's b. h. Louisian, five years old, by Randolph's Janus, dam by Ball's Florizel, 3 dr.
 Edmund Bacon's gr. c. Wonder, three years old, by Lafayette, dam by Hamiltonian, dis.
 Wm. H. Martin's b. c. Cromwell, three years old, by Young Timoleon, dis.
 T. M. Ewing's b. f. Gulnare, three years old by Bertrand, dam by Duke of Bedford, dis.
 Time, 2m.—2m. 2s.—Track heavy.

Fourth day, Proprietor's purse \$150, mile heats, three best out of five.

F. W. Pankey's b. c. Compact, four years old, by Merlin, 1 1 1
 E. L. McLean's b. f. Susan, three years old, by Pacific, dam by Whip, 2 2 2

R. K. LATHAM, Sec'y.

LIBERTY (Va.) RACES,

Commenced Monday, September 12, 1836.

First day—Sweepstakes \$100, h. f. mile heats.

Mr. Oliver's (John Foster's) ch. c. Volney, by Tonson, 1 1
 Mr. Hart's ch. c. Giles Goslin, by Eclipse, 3 2
 Mr. Toncry's b. c. by Marion, 2 3
 Time, 1m. 51s.—1m. 51s.

Second day—First race, sweepstakes \$50, h. f. mile heats.

Mr. McDaniel's gr. f. by Eclipse, 4 3 1 1
 Mr. Oliver's b. c. by Lance, 2 1 2 dr.
 Mr. Hurt's Polly Johnson, by Sir Charles, 1 2 dis.
 Mr. Toncry's b. c. by —, 3 dis.
 Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 51s.—1m. 53s.

Second race, Proprietor's purse \$200, two mile heats.

Mr. McCargo's gr. m. Eliza Clay, by Tonson, 1 1
 Mr. Phelps' Black Bird, by Arab, 2 2
 Mr. McDaniel's ch. f. Willie Walker, by Sir Charles, 3 dropt dead.
 Mr. Harvey's gr. c. Arthur Taylor, by Leviathan, dis.
 Time, 3m. 57s.—4m.

Third day—Jockey Club purse \$400, three mile heats.

Mr. McCargo's b. m. Sally Eubanks, 1 1
 Mr. Toncry's ch. h. Canteen, 2 2
 Time, 5m. 54s.—5m. 53s.

The track slippery from rain which fell a few minutes before the race. Willie Walker fell dead in the second mile of the second heat of the two mile race.

TAPPAHANNOCK (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Over the Mount Clemont Course, commenced September 21, 1836.

First day—Match, \$1,000, three mile heats.

Mr. Tayloe's ch. h. Robin Brown, by Monsieur Tonson, received forfeit from Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. h. Isaac Cline, by Sir Archy.

Second day—Proprietor's purse \$150, two mile heats.

John P. White's ch. h. Robin Brown, six years old, by Monsieur Tonson, 118lbs. 4 1 1
 Isham Puckett's br. c. four years old, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 100lbs. 3 3 2

George B. Poindexter's ch. h. Paul Jones, five years old, by Washington, dam by Napoleon, 110lbs.

2 4 3

William Williamson's b. c. Billy Grumble, four years old, by Sir Charles, 100lbs.

1 2 dr.

Time, 3m. 56s.—3m. 52½s.—4m. Weather excessively hot.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse \$300, three mile heats.

John P. White's br. h. Alp, five years old, by Rockingham, 110lbs.

5 1 1

James P. Corbin's ch. c. Tryo, four years old, by Timoleon, 100lbs.

4 4 2

Isham Puckett's ch. f. Lobelia, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 97lbs.

1 2 3

Mr. Tayloe's b. g. Switch, four years old, by Whip, dam Miss Chance, 97lbs.

3 5 4

George B. Poindexter's b. g. Pizarro, aged, by Sir Alfred, 120lbs.

2 3 dis.

Time, 5m. 59s.—6m.—6m. 7s. Pizarro broke down.

Fourth day—Silver Pitcher, \$30 entrance, p. p. two mile heats.

James P. Corbin's ch. f. three years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 83lbs.

1 1

Mr. Tayloe's br. f. three years old, by Star, dam by Sir William, 83lbs.

2 2

JOHN P. WHITE, Proprietor.

JEFFERSON (Va.) RACES.

The races over this course commenced on Monday, 25th September, with a match race, four mile heats, \$500 a side.

Col. Duvall's ch. h. Charley Scott, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention,

1 1

G. C. Harness' b. f. four years old, by Star, dam by Seymour's Eagle,

2 2

Time, 8m. 40s.—8m. 39s.

The filly ran restive, and tried to bolt throughout the first heat. In the second, she took the lead at the start, and gradually gained on the horse until she had run 3½ miles, when, being 150 yards ahead, she bolted, and threw the rider over a fence. He got back again, and some one having caught the mare, remounted and saved his distance.

Same day, (after match race)—A sweepstakes for three year old colts, entrance \$100, h. f.

Wm. C. House's b. f. by Agrippa, dam by Walnut,

3 1 1

J. B. Kendall's c. f. by Sir Charles,

1 2 2

W. Cleveland's b. f. by Restless, dam by Archy,

2 dis.

Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 2s.

A beautiful race. The Restless filly got a bad start the first heat. The winner out of a half sister to Enciero.

Second day—Four mile heats, purse \$500.

J. B. Kendall's b. m. Camsidel, five years, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal,

1 1

Thomas Doswell's b. c. Orphan Boy, four years, by Gohanna, dam by

2 2

Tom Tough,

R. B. Tyler's ch. Deposit, five years, by Gohanna, dam by Contention, dis.

Time, 8m. 47s.—8m. 35s.—Won with ease.

Third day—Best three in five, purse \$200.

J. M. Manning's br. g. Sam Patch, four years, by Champion, dam by ———,

6 1 3 3 3 1 1

G. C. Harness' b. g. Malton, six years, by Rattler, dam by Top Gallant,

5 4 4 1 1 2 2

T. Doswell's ch. c. Deceiver, four years, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon,

7 6 1 2 2 dis.

J. B. Kendall's b. h. Velox, five years, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy,

2 3 2 4 dr.

R. B. Tyler's ch. g. Sambo, four years, by Champion, dam unknown,

1 2 5 dis.

John Strider's Plough Boy, five years, by Jefferson, dam by Oscar,

3 5 dis.

L. Hoffman's br. h. Bagdad, aged, by Bagdad Arabian,

4 dis.

W. Moore's b. g. Sybrandt, six years, by Lafayette,

dis.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 55s.—1m. 55s.—1m. 54s.—2m.—1m. 56s.—2m. 2s. Just about the most interesting race ever witnessed.

Fourth day—Two mile heats, purse \$300.

T. Doswell's bl. h. Moscow, by Tariff, dam by Trafalgar,	4	1	1
L. Hoffman's ch. m. Maid-of-the-Neck, six years old, by Mary-	2	0	2
land Eclipse, dam Windflower,			
G. C. Harness' b. h. Partnership, five years old, by Star, dam by	3	4	3
Coriander,			
J. B. Kendall's b. c. Pythias, four years old, by Gohanna, dam by	5	5	4
Buzzard,			
J. Strider's br. h. Revenge, five years old, by Monsieur Tonson,	1	0	dis.
dam by Gracchus,			
J. Peter's Hotspur, Jr. four years old, by Hotspur, dam unknown,	6	dis.	
W. Moore's b. g. Sybrandt, by Lafayette,		dis.	
Time, 4m. 2s.—4m. —4m. 6s.			

The weather was fine—the track in good order—the course well attended—and every thing conducted in admirable style.

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Fall meeting, commenced September 26, 1836.

First day, a sweepstakes of \$100 each, half forfeit, for three year olds, one mile out—four subscribers.

James Jackson's (Col. Elliott's) ch. f. by Leviathan, dam Morgiana, by	1	
Pacolet,		
R. Smith's b. f. by Leviathan, dam Parasol, by Napoleon,	2	
John C. Beasley's (A. Russell's) b. f. by Pacific, dam by Gray Tail, paid forfeit.		
Stokely Donelson's b. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal, paid forfeit.		
Time, 2m.		

The established weights for two year olds, 70lbs.; for three year olds 86lbs. and progressively 100lbs., 110lbs., 118lbs., and 124lbs., a deduction in all cases of 3lbs. for mares and geldings.

Second day, purse \$300, with the entrance added, two mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. f. Wax Light, four years old, by Leviathan, dam by	1	1
Pacolet,		
John C. Beasley's (D. W. Sumner's) b. f. Hortense, four years old, by	3	2
Pacific, dam Wonder,		
John Crow's br. c. Superior, three years old, by Sir Richard, dam by	2	3
Conqueror,		
Thos. A. Pankey's ch. c. Euker, three years old, by Eclipse, dam by	dis.	
Virginian,		
Time, 4m. 17s.—4m. 16½s.—Track heavy from late rains.		

Third day, purse \$500, with the entrance added, three mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. f. Extio, four years old, by Leviathan, dam White	1	1
Feathers, by Conqueror,		
John Crow's gr. h. by Washington, five years old, dam by Sir Archy,	2	2
Time, 6m. 29s.—6m. 25s.		

Fourth day, four mile heats, purse \$700, entrance added.

James Jackson's ch. c. Wacouster, four years old, by Leviathan,	3	1	1
dam by Oscar,			
John C. Beasley's bl. c. Othello, four years old, by Leviathan, dam	2	3	2
by Sir Archy,			
Col. R. Smith's ch. f. Fanny Bell, three years old, by Murat, dam	1	2	3
by Oscar,			
L. P. Cheatham's (Col. Dickerson's) b. h. five years old, by Ber-	dis.		
trand, dam by Bagdad,			
John Crow's b. c. by Havoc, four years old, dam by Conqueror,	dis.		
T. A. Pankey's b. h. Harkaway, five years old, by Merlin, dam	dis.		
Isabella,			
Time, 8m. 13s.—8m. 12s.—8m. 26s.			

Track much improved to day, the contest was varied and doubtful to the close.

Fifth day, ladies' purse \$250, entrance added, mile heats, best three in five.

John C. Beasley's (D. W. Sumner's) b. f. Hortense, four years	7	1	1	4	1
old, by Pacific, dam by Wonder,					

G. W. Cheatham's b. c. Balie Peyton, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Whip,	5	2	3	1	2
Thos. A. Pankey's b. c. Compact, four years old, by Merlin, dam by Virginian,	6	3	2	2	3
John Crow's gr. h. by Washington, five years old, dam by Sir Archy,	2	0*	5	3	dr.
James Jackson's (Davis') ch. c. Palladium, four years old, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Alfred,	1	0*	4	dr.	
R. Smith's gr. c. John O. Handlin, three years old, by Sir Richard, dam by Sir Archy,	3	0*	dr.		
A. Russell's gr. h. Sam Houston, five years old, by Washington, dam by Sir Archy,	4	0*	dr.		
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 53s.—1. 58s.—1m. 57s.—1m. 54s.					

Sixth day, sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats, entrance \$200, half forfeit.

John C. Beasley's b. f. by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy,	1	1
R. Smith's gr. c. by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror,	2	2
James Jackson's b. f. Levantine, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, paid forfeit.		
Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 53s.		

LOUISVILLE (Ken.) RACES,

September 28, 1836.

Dear Sir:—Herewith you have a report of the first Oakland Fall meeting, beginning the 20th inst.—continued rain through the whole week, save the last day, the track extremely heavy and deep.

First day, one mile heats, purse \$100, and an inside bet of \$500, between Gen. J. A. Mabry, of Tennessee, and Col. Wm. Buford, of Kentucky.

J. A. Mabry's b. f. Lilac, four years old, by imported Leviathan, dam by old Sir Archy, 97lbs.	1	1
--	---	---

Col. Wm. Buford's b. f. Herodias, four years old, by Kosciusko, dam Peggy Stewart, by Whip, 97lbs.	2	2
--	---	---

Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. Big John, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Old Hamiltonian, 86lbs.	3	3
--	---	---

Mason Thompson's br. f. Mary M'Farland, four years old, by Cumberland, dam by Gray Dungannon, 97lbs.	4	dr.
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Time, 1m. 59s.—2m. 1s.

Second day,—four mile heats, the important match \$5,000 aside, half forfeit.

Sidney Burbridge's b. h. Rodolph, five years old, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, 110lbs.	1	
--	---	--

Gen. R. Desha's c. f. Angora, four years old, by imported Leviathan, dam Patty Puff, 97lbs.	dis.	
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Time, 8m. 56s.—Track extremely muddy.

Third day, two mile heats, purse, \$200.

Geo. W. Tarlton's gr. c. Wm. H. Harrison, three years old, by Trumpator, dam Passillon, by Doublehead,	1	1
--	---	---

Col. Wm. Buford's b. h. Daniel Webster, five years old, by Bertrand, dam by imported Bluster,	3	2
---	---	---

Peter B. Winston's b. c. Robert Burns, four years old, by Kosciusko, dam Betty Bluster, by imported Bluster,	2	3
--	---	---

Capt. Viley's b. f. Lady Moffit, three years old, by Bertrand, dam by Blackburn's Whip,	4	dis.
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Time, 4m. 18s.—4m. 35s.

Fourth day, three mile heats, purse \$400.

Robert Burbridge's g. m. Sarah Miller, five years old, by Cherokee, dam by Whipster,	1	1
--	---	---

Thos. J. Robertson's b. c. Jim Allan, four years old, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Hancock's Hamiltonian,	5	2
--	---	---

James W. Fenwick's gr. h. Davy Crocket, five years old, by Hephestion, dam by Mendoza, grandam by Medley,	2	3
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* Not placed in the second heat.

Alexander Churchill's b. f. Donna Maria, four years old, by Arab, dam Old Hamiltonian, 3 dis.
 Willa Viley's ch. c. Kiff, three years old, by Hephestion, dam by Sump-ter, 4 dis.
 Time, 6m. 14s.—6m. 6s.
 Fifth day, one mile heats, three best in five, purse \$150.
 Sidney Burbridge's ch. c. Sportsman, four years old, by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, 1 1 1
 Col. Wm. Buford's b. f. Herodis, four years old, by Kosciusko, dam Peggy Stewart, 2 2 2
 Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 52s.—1m. 55s.

A. TARLTON, Sec'ry.

UPPER MARLBORO' (Md.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Fall meeting commenced October 4, 1836.

First day—A sweepstakes for three year olds, two mile heats; \$100 entrance, h. f.—four subscribers, all started, and resulted thus:

Robert Gilmore's gr. c. Frederick, by Byron, dam by Sir Hal,	1	1
Charles S. W. Dorsey's b. c. Broker, by Sussex, dam by Telegraph,	2	2
Gov. Spriggs' b. f. Hortensie, by Sussex, dam by Bonnie,	3	3
Crawford & Brooke's ch. f. Mitty Chew, by Sussex, dam by Ratler,	dis.	

Time, 4m. 16s.—4m. 12s.

Second race, same day—A match race for \$500 a side, two mile heats, between Jas. S. Garrison's (W. D. Bowie's) ch. c. Charles Magic, by Sir Charles, dam Lady Amelia, and Gov. Sprigg's b. f. Camilla, by Sussex, dam Nancy Norwood.

Jas. S. Garrison's (W. D. Bowie's) ch. c. Charles Magic,	1	1
Gov. Sprigg's b. f. Camilla,	2	2

Time, 4m. 9s.—4m. 10s.

Second day—Jockey Club purse \$400, entrance \$20; four entries.

James S. Garrison's ch. c. Bumper, four years old, by John Richards, dam by Sir Alfred, 100lbs.	1	1
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Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. Queen of Clubs, four years old, by Eclipse, dam Ninon de l'Enclos, 97lbs.	2	2
---	---	---

J. M. S. Causine's b. h. Red Rover, six years old, by Combination, dam Nettletop, 118lbs.	dis.	
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Ed. G. Willett's ch. f. Betty Whitefoot, five years old, by Cornwallis, dam by Edelin's Medley, 97lbs.	dis.	
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Time, 6m. 4s.—6m. 16s.

Third day—Jockey Club purse \$300, for colts and fillies three years old, bred in the District of Columbia and Maryland; mile heats.

G. L. Stockett's b. f. Mary Selden, by Sussex, dam by Richmond,	0	1	1
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T. R. S. Boyce's b. c. Broker, by Sussex, dam Jessy, by Telegraph,	0	2	4
--	---	---	---

Col. Jennifer's b. c. Wicomico, by Emigrant, dam by Multum in Parvo,	4	3	2
--	---	---	---

George Forbes' b. f. Lady Touch-me-not, by Sussex, dam by Vanguard,	3	4	3
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Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 58s.—2m. 3s.

Fourth day—Jockey Club purse \$500, four mile heats.

G. W. Duvall's b. c. Prince George, by Industry, dam by Oscar, 100lbs.	2	1	1
--	---	---	---

Gov. Spriggs' b. f. Atalanta, four years old, by Industry, dam Nancy Norwood, 97lbs.	1	2	2
--	---	---	---

George Forbes' b. h. Sir William, eight years old, by Marylander, out of the dam of Republican, 124lbs.	3	dis.
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W. G. Carter's b. h. Jim Crack, by Ratler, dam by Edelin's Medley, 124lbs.	4	dis.
--	---	------

Roderick McGreggor's bl. h. Prophet, five years old, by Industry, dam by Vanguard, 100lbs.	dis.	
--	------	--

T. R. S. Boyce's b. h. Gold Boy, five years old, by Industry, dam by Oscar, 110lbs.	dis.	
---	------	--

J. Sleeper's b. f. Ann McKim, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention, 97lbs.	dis.	
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Time, 8m.—8m. 7s.—8m. 12s.

Fifth day—A match race for \$340 a side, two mile heats, between Mr. J. S. Suit's b. g. Sumpter, by Sumpter, and Mr. E. S. Baldwin's ch. h. Partnership, by Florizel, dam Lady Amelia; Sumpter carrying 141 lbs., Partnership 123 lbs. The race was won by Partnership in two heats, in the astonishing time (considering the weight each carried, and the depth of the course,) of 4m. 1s., 4m. 8s. The first heat was well contested, and the whole race was one of thrilling interest.

Second race, same day, confined to saddle horses alone, for a saddle, bridle, whip and spurs, was won by Mr. Thomas J. Mudd's horse Randolph, beating Mr. J. Carter's Nelly Wedge, Mr. T. Baldwin's North Star, Mr. R. A. Harwood's Queen Anne, and Mr. J. Mullikin's colt B. H. The winner was closely pressed both heats by Nelly Wedge, and the race was doubtful to the last. Time, 2m. 4s.—2m. 5s.

W. W. W. BOWIE, Sec'y.

(From the Marlborough Gazette.)

MESSRS. EDITORS:—One word about the races. Our Course was well attended; ladies, gentlemen and boys and girls were there to see the sports of the turf. The racing was very good. The first day, a fine show of horses:—Mr. Gilmor's horse Frederick, won the sweepstakes in handsome style, closely pressed by Broker, who seemed to be unwilling however, to *change* positions with Frederick after the latter showed such a disposition to be unruly at the start; Broker did not care to *discount* Fred's note on that occasion. As to the match, Charles Magic proved a better racer than gallant, for after making a *match* with Camilla, he kept so far before her that the pretty creature seemed out of breath in keeping up with her beau; and the crowd thought that she was badly treated by her gallant, for he would not let her come along side of him but once, during the whole time. This match was like many others, each one soon got tired of keeping the other company. Charles won it with ease, and while he called forth the praises of the crowd for his speed and endurance, the lovely Camilla enlisted our sympathies, when we saw her beau run away from her and leave her unprotected and alone in the back ground. The next day we had *snow* and rain and did not venture forth. Thursday we had two races. Bumper won with ease the three mile heats, beating a splendid field. As *bumpers* were the order of the day how could it be otherwise than that a *Bumper* should be the first on the course as well as the call after every *course* at the social board. The second race was as it ought to have been; the fair Mary Selden won with ease, although gracefully attended by the *Broker*, who never *shaves* paper if he does not take the whole amount. 'Tis said 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady;' I conjecture his heart was not quite bold enough to *win* either the fair lady, or the goodly prize, although the fair Mary was bold enough to win not only the purse, but every stout heart over to herself, and call forth united shouts of a delighted people. In justice to Broker, he made the first heat a '*dead one*,' although none were *killed* during his *engagement* with Mary Selden.

Friday, Atalanta won the first heat and made Prince George remember that when he dares to run against *her*, he has *something* to do beside star-gazing, if he wishes to win fame or money. Prince George won the race to the surprise of many; he did himself great credit whilst Atalanta *lost none*. Five other good ones entered and run in this race, but they had to keep back and shroud themselves under the flay, calling upon the flay of the course to protect them.

The sports of the week closed on Saturday with a match race, between Partnership and Sumpter, which was a splendid race. After which, an interesting race with saddle horses, for a saddle, bridle, &c. Thus, sirs, you have a concise, and I hope a distinct account of what was seen of the races during the past week by him who is as ever,

Your friend,

FUN. AND FROLIC.

DANVILLE (Va.) RACES,

The annual Fall races over the Danville Race Course commenced Tuesday, October 4, and continued four days.

First day—first race, for colts and fillies, three year olds, mile heats, \$100 entrance, half forfeit, 86 and 83lbs.

Wm. Scott Hayne's b. c. Ned Colier, by Murat, dam Meg Merilies, by Potomac, out of Bet Bounce, 86lbs.

David M'Daniel's g. f. Ann Eliza, by Eclipse, dam Director, 83lbs.

Price and Bencenie's ch. c. by Gascoigne, dam by Madison, 86lbs.

James Toncray's b. c. by Hyazim, dam ——— paid forfeit.

Time, 1m. 55s.—1m. 59s.

1.	1
2	2
3	3

At the tap of the drum, the gray filly and the brown colt were led off. The Gascoigne colt rushed back. Some persons in the crowd called out, come back, and the bugle sounded for them to pull up and come back, which summons the boy on the brown colt obeyed. The gray filly continued round at a slow pace and claimed the race, which was awarded her by the judges. But Mr. M. Daniel, in a spirit of great liberality, yielded the decision of the race, and agreed to run the race over, as if nothing had taken place to prevent it. The bugle sounded and the three previously named colts appeared and started. Ned Collier taking the lead, about half way round, which he maintained to the poles, winning the heat about two lengths. After the usual time of cooling off, the bugle sounded them to the start. Ned Collier on the inside, running locked by the gray filly half way round, when he drew out clear of the filly, and come home about two lengths ahead, winning the race. After the result of the race was announced, Mr. Haynes requested the judges to return to Mr. M. Daniel his entrance, (\$100,) as a compliment for having waived all claim to the race, in the first instance, in his favour, which was done.

Second race, for colts and fillies, three year olds, mile heats, \$300 entrance, \$100 forfeit; three subscribers, 86 and 83lbs.

I. H. Oliver's ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam Sally Flinn, by Virginian, 1 1
83lbs.

William Scott Haynes' b. c. Daniel Star by Star, dam Peacemaker, 2 2
86lbs.

Leonard Phelps' ch. f. by Leviathan, dam by Arabian Bagdad, paid forfeit.
Time, 1m. 52s.—1m. 57s.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, two mile heats, \$200; \$20 entrance.

Leonard Phelps' bl. f. Black Bird, four years old, by Arab, dam Virginian, 1 1
97lbs.

James M. Cargo's ch. g. Isham Pucket, six years old, by Arab, 3 2
115lbs.

David M. Daniel's c. Red Wasp, four years old, by Shakspeare, dam Madison, 4 3
100lbs.

John C. Claiborne's g. f. by Medley, four years old, dam Lady Hamilton, 5 4
97lbs.

James Williamson's b. f. Gertrude, four years old, by Hyazim, dam by Shylock, 2 dr.
97lbs.

Time, 3m. 51½s.—3m. 58s.

Third day, Jockey Club Purse, \$400, \$20 entrance, three mile heats.

I. H. Oliver's b. m. Sally Eubanks, six years old, by Roanoke, dam Constitution, 1 1
115lbs.

John C. Claiborne's b. c. by Eclipse, three years old, dam by Constitution, 2 2
86lbs.

Time, 5m. 56s.—6m. 4s.

The first heat of this race was most beautifully contested—the start was excellent—the Eclipse colt on the inside, they went off from the stand locked, and continued in this position during the first two miles; and nearly so to the end of the third mile, creating the most intense and deep interest. At the run of the first mile, here they come at a killing rate, neck and neck, head and head. Huzza, my colt, was shouted from the crowd. At the back of the course is a little rise which shut them out from view. As they disappeared, side by side, the solicitude became very great. Now they come—well done my gallant colt, hold to your place—here they come down the quarter, side by side, sweeping past the stand in the same unvaried position; now they rise the hill; now they are lost to view; now—now—now they come. Hurra my colt, head and head—well done, well done! now they sweep round the turn—the last quarter, side by side; clear the track—they come, they come! now they are at the distance stand; the persuaders used very freely; now they are almost at the stand; another jump and the mare leads about half a neck. Thus ending one of the most interesting heats ever witnessed over this course, and one which will bear a comparison with any, any where.

After the time allowed for rubbing and cooling off, they again appeared at the starting post—off they go, mare inside and ahead, which position she maintained to the end of the heat, winning the heat and the race easily and in hand. The

highest praise is due to the colt for the gallant and hard fought struggle for the first heat. He drew forth the admiration of the spectators, and really he deserved a better fate for his exertion.

The colt we understand broke out the next day with a terrible distemper.

Fourth day, three mile heats, post stake.

Danville plate or pitcher, worth \$400, the winner to have the plate or money at his option. One hundred dollars entrance, to be added to the purse. Horses to name at the start, to which there were three entries.

1. H. Oliver's b. m. Eliza Clay, six years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam Eagle, 115lbs.	1	1
James Toncray's ch. h. Canteen, by Hotspur, five years old, 107lbs.	3	2
William Scott Hayne's ch. c. Speculation, four years old, by Medley, dam by Madison, 100lbs.	2	3
Time, 5m. 55s.—6m. 1s.		

Eliza Clay, the favourite nag—even betting between the other two till after the first heat—and then the knowing ones seemed to be at fault, betting still even between them. Eliza took the first and second heats without much difficulty.

DAYTON (Ohio) RACES,

Commenced October 4, 1836.

First day—Two mile heats, purse \$125.

Fawcett & Wade's b. f. Buckeye Lass, four years old, by Hephestion, dam Whip,	1	1
W. Palmer's ch. c. three years old, by Randolph, dam Sumter,	2	dis.
D. Buchanan's b. f. by Bertrand, four years old,	3	dis.

Second day—A colt race, won by Mr. Evans' b. c. by Sir Alfred.

Third day—Three mile heats, purse \$150.

Fawcett & Wade's br. f. Corinna, four years old, by Trumpator, dam Director,	1	1
W. Palmer's ch. h. Light House, five years old, by Cherokee, dam unknown,	2	2
G. H. St. Clair's ch. c. Dandie Dinmont, four years old, by Merlin,	3	3

Fourth day—Colt race—won by Mr. Timmons' bay filly by Burns.

Fifth day—Four mile heats, \$200.

Fawcett & Wade's b. c. Duff Green, four years old, by Bertrand, dam Hambletonian,	1	1
W. Palmer's g. h. White Hawk, (alias Davy Crockett,) five years old, by Hephestion, dam Mendoza,	2	2
Mr. St. Clair's ch. m. Kate Plowden, five years old, by Kosciusko, dam by Whip,	3	3

The EATON RACES are also over. Duff Green, belonging to Fawcett and Wade, won the three mile race, beating Mr. Aimen's b. f. four years old, by Ratler, dam Flag of Truce, and Mr. St. Clair's b. f. Belle Phares, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Virginian.

Third day—A country race, mile heats, best three in five.

Fawcett & Wade's b. f. Cassandra, four years old, by Bertrand, dam Emancipator,	1	1
Mr. St. Clair's b. f. Belle Phares, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Virginian,	2	2
Mr. Castrater's b. m. five years old, by John Richards,	3	dr.

Mr. Evans' colt bolted at the first turn.

Time, 1m. 57s.—1m. 52s. The track this day was fine, but all the other days it was very muddy.

Duff stands high now with us: he won his best three in five at Newport this fall; he wins his races from one to four miles.

Z. A.

HAYMARKET (Va.) RACES.

The races over the Haymarket course this fall were unusually interesting; the grand display from the stables of Messrs. T. P. White, John Heth, William L. White, J. B. Kendall, T. Doswell, C. Thompson, &c. reminding the old turfite of the days of Leviathan, Little John, Enterprise, &c. and furnishing the young mountaineers an opportunity of seeing the best blood, and some of the most distinguished performers in Virginia.

First day, October 5, 1836.—A sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, entrance \$50; 8 subscribers, 3 started.

Mr. Mershon's ch. c. by Adam's Red Rover,	2	1
Absalom Hickerson's ch. f. by Restless,	1	fell
Strother Renoe's ch. f. by Rob Roy,		dis.

Time, 2m. 27s.—Track very deep.

Second day—Jockey Club purse \$400, four mile heats.

W. L. White's g. g. Dandy, five years old, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles,	3	1	1
J. B. Kendall's b. m. Camsidel, five years old, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal,	2	3	2
John Heth's ch. c. Experiment, four years old, by Jack Downing, dam by Ratler,	1	2	3

Time, 8m. 36s.—9m. 8s.—9m. 23s.

Third day—Proprietor's purse \$150, two mile heats.

Wm. L. White's b. g. Sam Patch, four years old, by Champion,	1	1
J. P. White's ch. h. Robin Brown, five years old, by Monsieur Tonson,	2	2
T. Doswell's ch. c. Deceiver, four years old, by Sir Charles,	3	3

Time, 4m. 33s.—4m. 23s.

Fourth day—Jockey Club purse \$250, three mile heats.

C. Thompson's b. h. Sadi, four years old, by Star, dam by Walnut,	1	1
T. Doswell's bl. h. Moscow, six years old, by Tariff,	2	0
J. P. White's b. h. Alp, five years old, by Rockingham,		2
R. B. Tyler's ch. Deposit, five years old, by Gohanna,		3
G. Chichester's ch. c. Riticus, five years old, by Mason's Ratler,		dr.
S. Renoe's b. g. by Black Warrior, five years old.		
W. L. White's ch. c. Vidocq, three years old, by Carolinian.		

The contending horses have only been placed, the others having stopped at the distance post and walked in. The third heat was won by about two lengths between the first and third horses; the winner was well in hand.

W. B. TYLER, Sec'y.

THE NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Over the Washington Course, D. C. commenced Tuesday, October 11.

First day—A sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; sub. \$200, \$50 forfeit; two mile heats—five subscribers.

Francis Thompson's g. c. Isaac of York, by Sir Charles, dam Lady Amelia,	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. by Henry, dam by American Eclipse,	2	2

Time, 3m. 55s.—3m. 59s.

Second race—For the Washington Plate, value \$500, two mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. Bumper, four years old, by John Richards, dam by Sir Alfred,	2	1	1
Francis Thompson's b. f. Virginia Graves, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred,	1	2	dr.
John Heth's ch. c. Ormond, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred,	3	3	dr.

Time, 3m. 51s.—3m. 56s.

Second day—A sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies bred in the District of Columbia, or within fifty miles of the District; sub. \$100, h. f.; two mile heats—5 subscribers.

Jas. S. Garrison (Wm. D. Bowie's) ch. c. Charles Magic, by Sir Charles, dam Lady Amelia, by imp. Magic, 1 1
 Jas. B. Kendall's (Philip Wallis') gr. f. Molinera, by Medley, dam Al-gerina, 3 2
 Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. Mary Selden, by Sussex, out of Harriet Maynard's dam, 2 dr.

Time, 4m. 13s.—4m. 15s.—The track very heavy from rain.

Third day—For the proprietor's purse, \$500, three mile heats.

Gov. Sam'l Sprigg's b. f. Atalanta, four years old, by Industry, dam Nancy Norwood, by Ratler, 1 1
 Carey Thompson's b. c. Sadi, four years old, by Star, dam by Walnut, 3 2
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. Brimo, five years old, by Industry, dam by imp. Magic, 2 3
 Francis Thompson's b. h. Red Rover, six years old, by Combination, dam Nettle-top, 4 dis.
 John Heth's ch. c. Experiment, four years old, by Jack Downing, dam by Ratler, dis.
 Gen. Geo. Gibson's (Mr. Baden's) b. h. Gimcrack, Jr. aged, by Ratler, dam by Vanguard, dis.

Time, 5m. 53s.—6m.—Track still heavy.

Fourth day—For the National Jockey Club purse, \$1,000, four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's bl. c. Cippus, four years old, by Industry, dam by Mark Antony, 1 1
 Jas. B. Kendall's br. m. Camsidel, five years old, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 2 2
 W. J. Stratton's ch. h. Morris, five years old, by American Eclipse, dam Grand Duchess, 4 3
 Gen. Geo. Gibson's (Mr. McGregor's) bl. h. Profit, five years old, by Industry, dam ———, 3 dis.

Time, 8m. 8s.—8m. 1s. Morris became restive and kicked in the second heat, as some of his near relatives have done before him.

WILEY J. STRATTON, Sec'ry.

HALIFAX (Va.) RACES.

The fall meeting commenced over the Halifax course on Tuesday, the 11th day of October, 1836.

First day—A colt stake for three year olds, mile heats; \$100 entrance, h. f.

William S. Haynes' b. c. Daniel Star, by Star, dam by Peacemaker, 1 1
 David McDaniel's g. f. Ann Eliza, by American Eclipse, dam by Director, 3 2
 Robert W. Graves' b. c. Sidney Brown, by Giles Scroggins, dam by Shylock, 2 dis.
 William McCargo's b. f. Catinha, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Randolph's Roanoke, entered but did not start.

Time, 2m. 5s.—2m. 1s. Track very heavy and raining fast.

Second day—Proprietor's purse \$200, two mile heats—three entries.

James McCargo's ch. g. Isham Puckett, six years old, by Arab, 1 1
 J. C. Claiborne's g. m. by Medley, dam Lady Hambleton, 2 dr.
 D. McDaniel's b. h. Watkins Leigh, five years old, by Shakspeare, dam by Madison, dr.

Time, 4m. 20s. The track on the second day extremely heavy from the great fall of rain the day before.

Third day—Jockey Club purse \$400, three mile heats. This day we witnessed the hitherto unprecedented spectacle here, for one horse to walk over the course and take the Jockey Club purse. Though there certainly were other fine horses here, Watkins Leigh and others, that had earned laurels on well contested fields, yet it seemed they prized them too highly to risk them against Mr. John C. Claiborne's unrivalled colt Walter, three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution,

who, though but three years old, walked over the course alone. Perhaps they had taken a prudent warning from the bold and daring contest—Walter had just given the renowned Sally Eubanks (the mistress of the turf in the upper country) the week before, over the Danville course, three mile heats—making her call into requisition all she had to get a half neck. Walter is a rich bay, of uncommonly fine size and beauty, and seems to be as true *game* as ever made a track, with great speed. He reflects credit on his sire, who may justly be proud to own him.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Over the Central Course, Fall meeting, 1836, commenced on Tuesday, October 18.

We have never witnessed more interesting races than those at old Central in the third week of October last. In consequence of the heaviness of the track the time was very bad, but with this only exception every day's race was one of high excitement. The sweepstakes of the first day was almost unrivalled in the intensity of the interest with which it fixed the attention of the spectators. During the first heat Red Rat and Cumberland ran close, most of the two miles so close that they could have been covered with a blanket, and came out head and head, with Lady Clifden, at her ease, a few lengths behind, making it a dead heat. The second heat was almost an exact repetition of the first, Red Rat only coming out about eight inches ahead of Lady Clifden; and even this difference was seen by very few except the judges, who, of course, were the only persons who could occupy the exact central position that could detect so trifling a difference. Cumberland was too fat for endurance, and in the third heat Lady Clifden took the lead of both him and Red Rat and maintained it with ease to the end, Cumberland receiving a gentle hint from the distance stand that he might go to his stable. In the fourth heat Red Rat takes the lead, but is soon passed by Lady Clifden on the rising ground of the first quarter, who kept her lead to the last half mile, when Red Rat attempted to recover his place by some very fine brushes, but in vain—the filly came in, in handsome style, taking the heat and the purse, which was a well filled one. Others may have seen better running, but we never did.

The second day's race was also quite interesting. The character of Monmouth as a two miler was well known, and caused many to venture a few trifles on him against the field—all of whom were taught a lesson on 'the bubble, REPUTATION,' by the result. The fact is, oats are too cheap in New Jersey, for Monmouth, like his stall-mate, Cumberland, was self-compelled to carry too much weight in the form of *beef*, and he was also sent to his stable by the distance flag in the third heat; Virginia Graves acting as first bridesmaid in each heat to the Lady Gabriella, who took the second and third heats and the purse.

We were not on the ground the third day, but understand the racing was very fine between Enciero and Morris, the latter contending very handsomely for the purse. The report furnishes the result.

For the fourth day, but three started. Mingo brought with him from the north a heavy weight of character, which was lost sight of in the betting circles in the dazzling brilliance of that recently acquired by the beautiful Catherine Davis. We heard this fine filly taken against the field, and the field against Mingo was taken at odds by some—another lesson on the bubble, horse-racing wisdom, as the result will signify. The race was, altogether, a very good one.

The second race the same day, the produce stakes, had excited considerable interest from the number of subscribers and the high promise of some of the produce. Only three out of twenty-one, however, came to the post, Martha Washington proving 'the better horse' in a very handsome race. This fine filly is owned by Col. Wm. Wynn, and was trained by James S. Garrison. Before the race \$3,000 cash was offered for Martha, and after the first heat \$4,000 was offered, but refused.

First day—A sweepstakes for colts and fillies three years old, subscription \$1,000, forfeit \$250; four subscribers, three started.

Gen. Thomas Emory's ch. f. Lady Clifden, by Sussex, dam
Betsey Wilson, by Ratray, 83lbs.

3 2 1 1

Jas. M. Selden's ch. c. Red Rat, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 86lbs. 0 1 2 2
 Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. c. Cumberland, (formerly Richard of York,) by Star, 0 3 dis.
 Time, 4m. 16s.—4m. 17s.—4m. 21s.—4m. 21s.—The first a dead heat between Red Rat and Cumberland.

Second day—The Craig Plate, value \$500, two mile heats; the winner to take plate or money at his option.

W. R. Johnson's b. f. Gabriella, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Shylock, 97lbs. 3 1 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's b. f. Virginia Graves, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 97lbs. 2 2 2
 Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. h. Monmouth, six years old, by John Richards, dam Nettletop, 118lbs. 1 3 dis.
 Time, 4m. 14s.—4m. 3s.—4m. 12s.

Third day—Proprietor's purse \$500, three mile heats.

Jas. M. Selden's b. h. Enciero, five years old, by Star, dam by Ball's Eagle, 110lbs. 3 1 1
 Y. N. Oliver's (W. J. Stratton's) ch. h. Morris, five years old, by Eclipse, dam Grand Duchess, by Gracchus, 110lbs. 1 3 2
 Gen. Irvine's b. m. Azalia, five years old, by Mambrino, dam Wren, 107lbs. 2 2 dis.
 W. R. Johnson's ch. f. Canary, four years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 97lbs. 4 dis.
 W. L. White's b. c. Sam Patch, four years old, by Champion, dam by Contenton, 100lbs. dis.
 Time, 6m. 25s.—6m. 36s.—6m. 30s.

Fourth day, first race—Jockey Club purse \$1,000, four mile heats.

Gen. Irvine's b. h. Mingo, five years old, by Eclipse, dam Bay Bet, 110lbs. 1 1
 Jas. S. Garrison's ch. f. Glorvina, five years old, by Industry, dam by Richmond, 97lbs. 2 2
 Y. N. Oliver's br. f. Catherine Davis, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, 97lbs. dis.
 Time, 8m. 25s.—8m. 26s.

Second race—A produce stakes for three year old colts and fillies, two mile heats, subscription \$500, h. f.; twenty-one subscribers, three started.

Wm. Wynn's ch. f. Martha Washington,* by Sir Charles, dam Isabella, by Sir Archy, 83lbs. 1 1
 Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. Bergen, by Medley, dam Charlotte Pace, 86lbs. 2 2
 W. R. Johnson's ch. c. Carroll, by Sir Charles, dam Maria, 86lbs. 3 dis.
 Time, 4m. 9s.—4m. 11s.

GEO. F. MILLER. Clerk of the Course.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) RACES,

Commenced October 18, 1836.

First day, a match, for \$5,000 a side, half forfeit, four mile heats, between Admiral, by Barefoot, four years old, the property of Robert Tillotson, Esq. of New York; and Margaret Armistead, by Apparition, four years old, the property of John Heth, Esq. Admiral paid forfeit.

Second race, a sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats, \$100 entrance, half forfeit; four subscribers.

Isham Puckett's b. c. by Sir Charles, 1 1
 William Williamson's ch. c. Whitelip, by Gohanna, 2 dis.
 Time, 2m. 1s.—Second heat no time.

* Trained by J. S. Garrison.

Second day, a match race, for \$1,000 a side, half forfeit, two mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. three years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 1 1

Richard Adams' b. f. three years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Remus, 2 2

Time, 4m. 2s.—3m. 57½s.

In the first heat the bay filly threw her rider, but as the judges decided there was no distance agreed on, the race must continue. Both heats were beautifully contested.

Third day, proprietor's purse \$300, two mile heats, entrance \$15.

Thomas P. Hare's ch. f. Betsey Minge, by Timoleon, 3 4 1 1

William Williamson's b. f. by Gohanna, 0 4 2 2

O. P. Hare's b. m. Mary Archy, by Sir Archy, 0 1 3 3

William H. Minge's gr. h. Jesse, by Medley, 4 2 4 r. o.

Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. Whig, by Sir Charles, 1 5 5 dis

Richard Adams' b. h. Somerville, by Byron, 2 6 dr.

John M. Botts' b. h. Reuben Glenroy, by Gohanna, 0 dis.

Isham Puckett's br. c. by Timoleon, dis.

Time, 3m. 59s.—3m. 58s.—4m.—4m. 5s.

Reuben Glenroy broke down in the second heat. As fine a race as has been run for many a day over this course.

Fourth day, Jockey Club purse \$800, four mile heats, entrance \$20.

William H. Minge's b. c. Nick Biddle, by Timoleon, 0 1 1

Richard Adams' b. h. Black Heath, by Sir Archy, 2 3 2

J. M. Botts' b. f. Molly Cotton Tail, by Gohanna, 1 2 3

Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. by Timoleon, 0 dis.

George B. Poindexter's ch. h. Paul Jones, by Washington, 0 dis.

O. P. Hare's b. f. Mary Lea, by Timoleon, 0 dr.

William Williamson's b. c. Billy Grumble, by Sir Charles, dis.

Time, 8m. 15s.—8m. 18s.—8m. 26s.

Mary Lea broke down within the distance. Black Heath again ran restive, and broke down.

MOBILE (Ala.) RACES.

Spring meeting commenced on Wednesday, April 20, 1836.

Wednesday, April 20.—Proprietor's purse, \$600; for three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; three mile heats.

Major Kenan's b. c. Sidney Burbridge, by Trumpator, dam by Hamiltonian, four years old, 1 1

General Everett's ch. c. Joe Swiler, by Leviathan, dam by Timoleon, four years old, 2 2

Time, 6m. 14s. each heat. Course 30 yards over a mile in circuit.

Thursday, 21.—Proprietor's purse, \$400; for all ages; weights the same as yesterday; two mile heats.

Kenan and Scott's b. h. Birmingham, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia, five years old, 1 1

Vance Johnson's ch. h. Pelham, by Kosciusco, dam by Timoleon, aged, 2 dis.

Robert Chapman's ch. m. Fanny Kemble, by Eagle, dam by Messenger, aged, 3 dis.

Time, 3m. 52s. The time of the second heat not reported.

Same day.—Match; Pelham beat Fanny Kemble, for \$—; two miles out.

Time, 4m. 10s. Fanny's saddle shifted forward upon her withers.

Friday, 22.—Proprietor's purse, \$350; for all ages; weights as before; the best three in five; mile heats.

V. Johnson's b. f. Ione, by Pacific, dam by Constitution, out of Duke W. Sumner's old Matilda, three years old, 1 1 1

Major Kenan's ch. f. Carnalooke, by Clanus, dam by Timoleon, four years old, 2 2 2

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 56s.—1m. 58s.

TURF REGISTER.

Stud of Messrs. M. & J. Wells.

MR. EDITOR :

I herewith forward you a list of blood stock, property of Messrs. M. & J. Wells, near this place, which you will please publish in your valuable Magazine.

B. m. JULIA CRUMP, foaled in 1820, (bought of Mr. Wade H. Bynum) she was got by Lawrence, her dam by imp. Dragon, grandam Atalanta, by imp. Medley, g. grandam Pink, by Mark Anthony, imp. Jolly Roger—imported Jenny Cameron.

Her produce :

1831. B. f. Chastinette, by Occupant.

1832. B. f. Mignonette, by Occupant, now with Luzborough.

1833. B. c. George Elliott, by imp. Leviathan, very large and in fine form.

1834. Ch. f. by Leviathan—dead.

1835. Ch. f. Leviathan, by Leviathan; as fine as any colt of her year.

1836. Put to Granby and now with Luzborough.

GRANBY, b. h. foaled June 14, 1829, got by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, grandam by imp. Diamond.

ARRONETTA, ch. m. by Bertrand, dam the old Paragon mare, by imp. Buzzard, for her pedigree, see page 364, vol. i. of the Am. Turf Reg. Arronetta, has produced a colt by imp. Sarpedon, and is with imp. Luzborough.

WINGS, b. f. foaled 16th May, 1833, by Bertrand, dam Jenny Cockracy, by Potomac, see pedigree of Jenny Cockracy, in vol. vii. p. 364, of Am. Turf Reg.

Wings is entered in two sweepstakes to come off in this year of \$1,000 each.

MISS PELTON, ch. f. foaled in 1832, by Hephestion, dam by Director, a good race nag.

Ch. f. by Kosciusko, foaled 1834, dam by Rosicrucian, full sister to the South Carolina Multiflora, very large and promising.

SPENCER COOPER, b. g. foaled in 1834, got by Bertrand, dam Laticia, by Big Printer, and balance of pedigree good, but not recollected—she was said to be one of the fastest quarter and 600 yards nags of her day.

LINNET, ch. m. foaled in 1832, got by Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, she has run seven races, and has won them all, except the first, which she

lost by eighteen inches, it was a single mile and it is thought she would have won that, if she had been permitted to pass by the rider who was in the lead. She is only four years old, and never has been put to her best speed. She is now matched to run, mile heats, for \$10,000, and \$5,500 by-bet, to come off, 15th December next.

DICK CHINN, ch. h. foaled 1832, got by Sumpter, dam Lucy, by Orphan, &c. Dick Chinn is fifteen hands three inches high, and is in high racing form, he is matched against Scarlet, three mile heats, to come off 16th December. Very respectfully,

Your ob't serv't,

THOS. J. WELLS.

P. S. Occupant was bred by Mr. J. Jackson, of Alabama. He was by Sir Archy, and out of Virginia, she by imp. Dare Devil. Lawrence's pedigree can be found at page 371, of vol. iii. of the Am. Turf Reg.

T. J. W.

Near Alexandria, La. July 26, 1836.

The following pedigree of Admiral was printed erroneously in our last, we republish it correctly.

Ch. c. ADMIRAL, was sired by Barefoot, dam Highland Mary, her dam Young Maid of the Oaks, out of Byrd Willis' old Maid of the Oaks, by Expedition. Highland Mary, was sired by American Eclipse, and is full sister to Medoc and Midas. Admiral was four years old last spring.

R. TILLOTSON.

August 5, 1836.

*Blooded Stock of Capt. Thomas Gibbon,
Brunswick Co. Va.*

1. FANCY, by Sir Archy, (foaled in 1823,) her dam by Bellair, the best son of Hart's Old Medley; grandam by Claudius, he by Janus, out of Meade's distinguished four mile mare by Aristotle.

Her produce :

2. 1828, a b. f. by Claiborne's Carolinian, son of Archy.

3. 1829, a br. c. by Arab, which became diseased at two years old.

4. 1830, a ch. c. by Arab, trained and promised to make a first rate racer, but from mismanagement or other cause was destroyed as a racer. He run once

only, showing *great speed and bottom*, but was cramped in the first heat, and in a desperately cramped condition ran well for two other heats, losing the first by only a few feet.—Sold to Mr. R. H. Vaughan, Giles co. Tenn. for \$1,000.

5. 1831, a gr. c. by Johnson's Medley—died at two days old.

1832, missed to Sir Charles.

6. 1833, a ch. c. by Sir Charles.

7. 1834, a ch. f. by imp. Luzborough.

8. 1835, a ch. f. by American Eclipse, and barren in 1836.

2. LADY HAMILTON, a bay mare, five feet high, by Claiborne's Carolinian—her dam Fancy, as above.

Her produce:

9. 1834, a ch. f. by Sir Charles.

10. 1835, a br. f. by imp. horse Sarpidon.

11. 1836, a b. c. by American Eclipse, and stinted to imp. Rowton.

N. B. I have no doubt the above mare Fancy and her stock are thoroughbred. I have reason to believe she is descended from the same stock of Claiborne's Carolinian. T. G.

12. SALLY ELLIOTT, a br. m. five feet two or three inches high, foaled 1827—got by Director, full brother of Virginian; dam by Ball's Florizel, out of the dam of the unequalled Timoleon, grandam by imp. Buzzard—Sims' Wildair—imp. Fallow—imp. Driver—imp. Vampire.

Her produce:

13. 1833, a br. f. by Am. Eclipse.

14. 1834, missed to Am. Eclipse.

15. 1835, a b. f. by imp. Luzborough.

16. 1836, a br. f. by Chateau Margaux, and stinted to Rowton.

17. IMPERATRIX, foaled in 1825, a ch. mare five feet two inches high—got by Claiborne's Carolinian; her dam by Ball's Florizel; her grandam by Bel-lair, the best son of Hart's Medley; g. grandam by old Celer.

Her produce:

18. 1830, a b. f. by Johnson's Medley.

19. 1831, a gr. f. by the Winter Arabian.

20. 1832, a ch. c. by American Eclipse called Gen. Gaines, and one half sold to Col. J. J. Pittman, Florida, for \$625.

21. 1834, a ch. f. American, by Am. Eclipse.

1835, missed to Luzborough.

22. 1836, a ch. c. by Am. Eclipse, and stinted to imp. Felt.

18. POLLY MEDLEY, a bay mare, five feet three inches high, foaled in

1830—by Col. Johnson's Medley; her dam Imperatrix, above.

Her produce:

23. 1834, a ch. c. by Sir Charles—missed in 1835.

24. 1836, a ch. c. by Am. Eclipse, and stinted to Rowton.

25. FANNY GREEN, a brown mare, foaled 1824, five feet two inches high; got by Virginian—Wilkes' Potomac—old Celer—Apollo.

Her produce:

26. 1828, a b. f. by Carolinian, sold to Col. Sam'l Mitchell, Tenn.

27. 1830, a ch. c. by Timoleon—died one year old, of strangles.

28. 1833, a br. c. by Pulaski, a son of Virginian.

29. 1835, a br. f. by imp. horse Sarpidon.

30. 1836, a br. c. by Chateau Margaux, and stinted to Rowton.—Barren in the intermediate years.

Captain Gibbon would sell any of the above stock. The mares Lady Hamilton, Sally Elliott, Polly Medley and Fanny Green, are at Col. Hampton's farm near Columbia, to whom applications to purchase may be made. Their foals are also at the same place, and for sale.

To the Editor of the Turf Register:

Please to have the following pedigrees inserted in the Turf Register:

COLUMBIA, her dam Black Ghost; she was bred by the late Dr. Antony Dixon, of Charles city county, Va. and foaled in 1806; got by Lightfoot's imp. horse Oscar; her dam Pill-box, by the imp. horse Pantaloon; her grandam Melpomene, by Burwell's Traveller; her g. grandam Virginia, by old Mark Antony; her g. g. grandam Polly Byrd, by the imp. horse Aristotle; her g. g. g. grandam Young Bonny Lass, by the imp. horse Jolly Roger, out of the imp. mare Bonny Lass, by Blank—Bonny Lass by Snip—Eastly Snake—Grey Wilkes, sister to Clumsy, by Hautboy. See Bonny Lass, in the English Stud Book.

Pedigree of Oscar.—He was got by the imp. horse old Saltram, his dam by Highflyer—King Herod—Miss Matchem, by Regulus—Camilla, by a son of Bay Bolton—Bartlett's Childers—Honeywood's Arabian, by the Bverly Turk, out of the dam of the two True Blues.

Pedigree of Pantaloon.—He was got by King Herod, out of Nut Cracker, by Matchem, her dam by old Starling

Partner--Croft's bay Barb--Matchless--Brimmer--Dickey Pierson, son of Dodsworth, out of the Burton Barb mare.

Pedigree of Morton's Traveller.—He was foaled in 1768; got by Croft's Partner--Bloody Buttocks--old Greyhound--Makeless--Brimmer--Place's White Turk--Dodsworth--Layton Barb mare.

Pedigree of old Mark Antony.—He was got by Partner, son of Morton's Traveller, by the imp. horse Othello, out of the imp. mare Moll Brazen, imported by Governor Ogle, and presented to him by Lord Baltimore, and presented to him by the Prince of Wales.

Pedigree of the imp. horse Aristotle.—He was bred by Mr. Bladen, and got by the Cullen Arabian--old Crab--Hobgoblin--Godolphin Arabian, out of Cream Cheeks by Sparker--old Hautboy.

Pedigree of Jolly Roger.—He was foaled in 1761; was got by Roundhead, his dam by old Partner--old Woodcock--Croft's bay Barb--Makeless--Brimmer--Dickey Pierson, son of old Dodsworth, out of the Burton Barb mare.

The above was taken from the Stud Book of England, March 3, 1827.

N. B. The Byerly Turk was Capt. Byerly's charger in King William's wars in Ireland, in the year 1689. Place's White Turk was the property of Mr. Place, stud-keeper to Oliver Cromwell, when protector of England in the year 1449.

The above I believe to be correct and true, except in not giving the sire of Columbia, who was Sir Archy.

WM. R. JOHNSON.

Petersburg, Dec. 19, 1832.

I certify that the chestnut mare POLLY MINOR, the property of Wm. Eaton, was got by the celebrated horse Gohanna out of a Thunderclap mare, he out of a Diomed, and she out of a Medley. Thunderclap was by old Wildair, out of Dr. Dixon's celebrated old mare Pill Box. This pedigree is from Mr. Thomas Macon, who bred her, and is entirely to be relied on.

Given under my hand this 17th January, 1836. WM. R. JOHNSON.

Your sincere friend,

WM. EATON.

MR. EDITOR:

If you think my bay colt NEO MATHLA, foaled the 1st day of April last, and sired by Andrew, the property of Wm. R. Johnson, Va. Kenan & Howard, Milledgeville, Ga. is worthy a place of

record in your valuable work, the Turf Register, you will confer a favour on a subscriber by recording him. The dam of Neo Mathla unknown; she is fine, and said to be sired by the renowned Virginian, the certainty of which I am unable to vouch for. She was brought from North Carolina, and from her appearance and action I purchased her particularly to breed a colt from Andrew. Neo Mathla is pronounced by disinterested judges to have no superiors in point of form.

My ch. filly NANCY POWELL, foaled the 1st day of May, 1834, and sired by Partisan, the property of Dr. Lucas Powell, Monticello, Ga. is, I think, the finest formed animal of the horse kind I ever saw. Nancy Powell's dam was by Select, and he by Twig, and if I mistake not, Twig by old Janus; her grandam was Col. Bilson's old brood mare, a thorough Diomed, and her pedigree, I suppose, long since recorded in your Register. The dam of Nancy Powell was raised by A. Eggleston, of Amelia county, Va. and purchased by Dr. John Baker, of Davidson county, Tenn. from whence she was brought to Georgia, and I became the purchaser. You may record her also if you think proper. Yours obediently,

R. S. WALKER.

Zebulan, Ga. Sept. 22, 1836.

MR. EDITOR:

I beg you to register in the next number the pedigrees of my stock.

Sorrel mare SALLY JACKSON, eight years old last spring, bred by Colonel Owens, of Jasper county, Ga.; was got by Jackson, he by Archy, &c. dam unknown—now in foal to Young Phantom, he by imp. Truffle.

Her produce:

A sorrel filly foaled the 4th of April, 1836, by Gov. McDuffie, he by Jackson, &c.

Also, grey filly LOVELY SUSAN, foaled 25th March, 1833; got by Childers, he by Col. Thomas' Sir Andrew, by Marske, &c.; her dam by Gallatin; her grandam by Jolly Friar, he by Eaton's Garrick; her g. grandam by Col. Tayloe's old grey Quicksilver, about which horse there has been so much controversy. Now in foal by Young Phantom, he by imp. Truffle.

Also, brown filly AMANDA EMBRY, foaled 1834, got by Bertrand, he by Archy; her dam by Josephus, he by imp. Whip; her grandam by imp. Ba-

ronet. Bred by Jacob Embry, of Fayette county, Kentucky, who, when he sold her to me, gave me a certificate of her pedigree.

Yours,
MOSES JOHNSON.

Thomaston, Ga. Sept. 22, 1836.

Pedigree of JOHN RANDOLPH, a grey horse raised by Geo. Gunnell, of Fairfax county, Va. He has been serving mares for the last three years in Christian county, Ky.

John Randolph was got by Mr. Randolph's horse Gracchus; his dam Fanny Archibald, by imp. Archibald; his grandam Nancy Blue, by imp. Medley; by imported Clockfast—Piccadilly, by Batte and Merlin's Fearnought—by Godolphin—by the imp. Hob-or-Nob—by imp. Jolly Roger—by imp. Valiant—by Tryall—by Morton's imp. Traveller.

GEO. W. COLEMAN.

Sept. 6, 1836.

CHESTATEE was foaled in the spring of 1831; she was got by old Bertrand; her dam Viola, by Gallatin; her grandam Clio, by imp. Whip; g. grandam Sultana, by imp. Spread Eagle; g. g. grandam Oscar, by Percy; g. g. g. grandam by Buckskin; g. g. g. g. grandam by Hero; g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Brutus; g. g. g. g. g. g. grandam by Tarquin, &c.

SELIMA was got by Damon, out of a full blooded Ranter mare: Damon by old Fearnought, out of a thoroughbred mare.

R. DUDLEY.

Pedigrees of Blooded Stock in Tennessee, furnished by Will. Williams, Esq.

MATILDA, a gray, bred by Duke W. Sumner, Davidson county, Tenn. in 1820; got by Florizel, (alias Greytail,) her dam by imp. Jonah—Gray Diomed, son of Medley—Whistle Jacket—Brutus—Bandy-ball, (alias Ball)—old imp. ch. Janus—Elisha Battle's thoroughbred Virginia mare.

Claret b. f. Country Maid, 1829,

Red c. f. Red Doe, 1830,

Gr. f. Forest Maid, 1831,

Red c. f. Sun Flower, 1832,

Gr. c. John Anderson my

Jo, 1833,

Claret b. f. Pandora, 1834,

Red b. f. Band Box, 1835,

Red b. c. John Howard, 1836,

Greytail, by Ball's Florizel, out of Dr. Cutler's Wildair mare.

[Mr. Sumner has omitted to mention her first four foals.]

All by Pacific, and bred by D. W. S.

OCEANA, a bay, bred in Tennessee in 1827, by William Williams; got by the brown Arabian Bagdad, out of Florida, by Conqueror—Rosemary (Southall's old mare) by imp. Diomed—Celia, by old Wildair—Dance's Lady Bolingbroke, by imp. Pantaloon, &c.

1831, b. f. Adria, by Pacific.

1832, dark ch. f. Salome, by Leviathan.

1833, b. f. Courtesy, by Leviathan.

1834, b. f. (dead, strangles,) by Crusader.

1835, b. c. Ridge, by Merlin.

1836, ch. f. Miss Muley, by Leviathan.

ALIDA, chestnut, bred as above, in 1828; by Bagdad, out of Nancy Nichol, by imp. Eagle—Wilks' Wonder—Simms' mare, by Chanticleer—imp. Stirling—Clodius—imp. Partner—imp. Silver Eye—imp. Monkey—imp. mare. The pedigrees I have found adds Jolly Roger, but my memory confirms the above only, and therefore reject that cross.

1833, ch. c. (dead) by Crusader.

1834, ch. f. by Crusader.

1835, ch. f. by Merlin.

1836, gr. c. Van, by O'Kelly.

ROSY CLACK, brown, bred in Virginia by John Clack; got by imp. Saltram, out of Camilla, by old Wildair; Jet by Flimnap, Broadnax's Diana, by Clodius, &c.

B. f. by Topgallant.

B. f. by Topgallant.

1814, dark b. c. Oscar, by Wilks' Wonder.

1815, ch. f. by Wilks' Wonder.

B. f. by Son of Wonder.

Ch. c. Partnership, by Volunteer.

Ch. f. Patty Puff, by Pacolet.

Gr. f. (dam of Betsey Saunders,) by Pacolet. Bred by the Rev. Hubbard Saunders, Tennessee.

Gr. c. Washington, by Pacolet.

Br. c. Behemoth, by Bagdad.

Ch. c. by Bagdad.

Br. f. by Stockholder, died young.

The four last bred by Mr. O. Shelby.

Note.—Some say Clack's Camilla was by Melzar. Old Mr. Saunders used to tell me she was by old Wildair.

I have tried for years to obtain copies from the representatives of the late Hubbard Saunders, in vain, of the above mare and his Dare Devil and their produce, but have received the above from such authorities that I must needs believe it correct.

WILL. WILLIAMS.

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ROWTON.

The Winner of the Great St. Leger. Hatched at Leicester 1829.

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1871

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